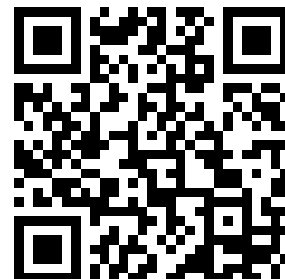

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Company B of Davenport, Iowa

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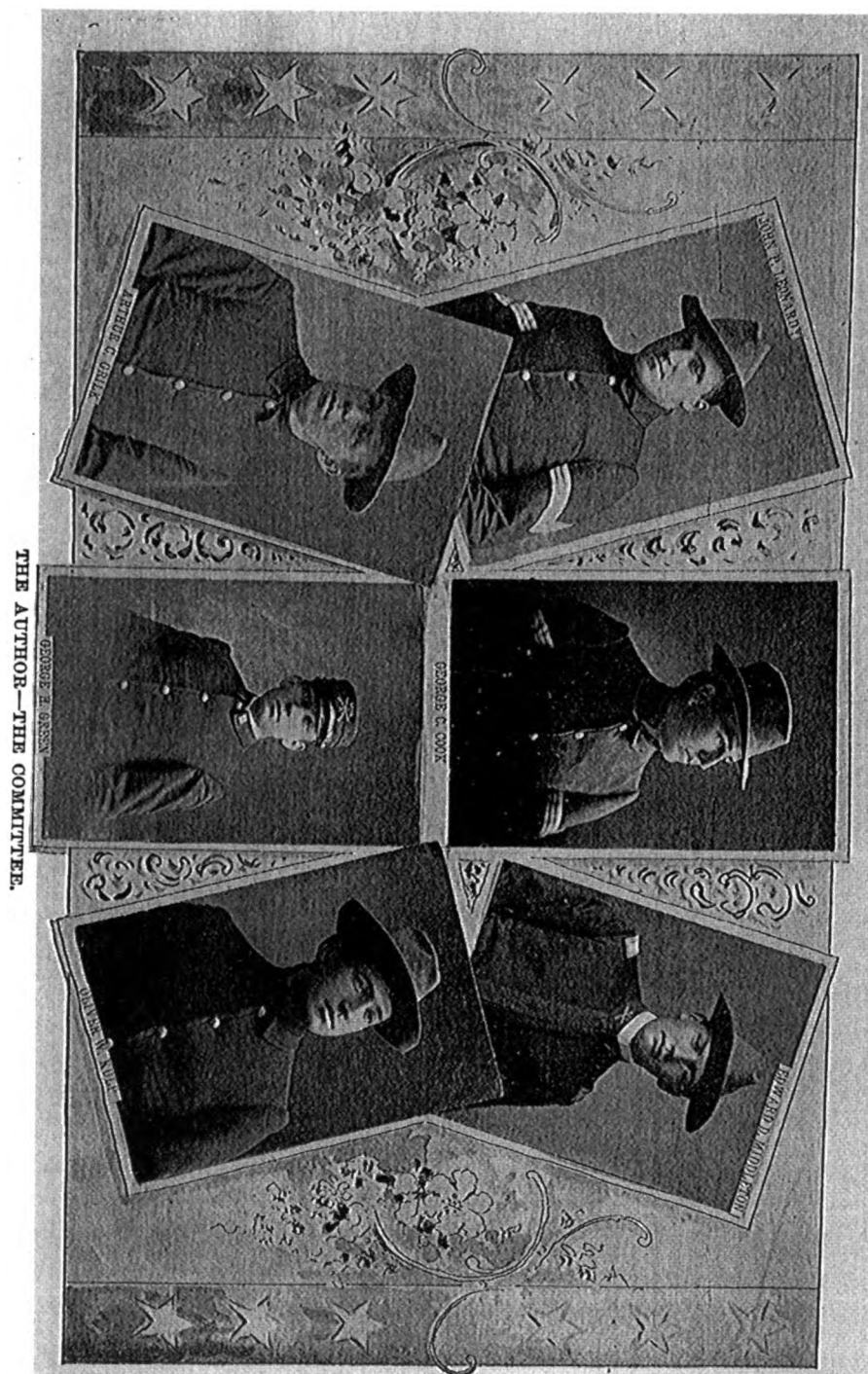
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Company B of Davenport

By George C. Cook.

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Company B of Davenport.

PART I.

TWENTY YEARS OF PEACE.

1878—1898.

In May, 1878, was organized the first military company, with headquarters at Davenport, since the close of the war of the rebellion. This was accomplished by J. A. Andrews, who had been a major in the army, and the company, as originally formed, was composed entirely of men who had served as soldiers in the Union army. The original plans for the company were that it should be composed only of ex-soldiers, and, while a part of the National Guard, it was an organization to keep together the comrades of the war, and keep alive the military and patriotic spirit that had led them to enlist, and endure years of hardship in the defense of their country.

The organization was mustered into the state service as Co. B, of the Ninth Infantry, Iowa National Guard, which was then comparatively in its infancy. The Guard was small and derived but very little assistance from the State. The uniforms were purchased and paid for by the members, and became the property of the state, when the company was mustered into service, without any compensation whatever. Afterward the company, like others, were allowed four dollars per annum per man, to keep uniforms in repair and replace them when necessary. The companies of the Guard having uniformed themselves, when uniformed at all, there was a great variety of clothing worn, and when brought together into regiments no two companies presented

*Pages 5 to 20 of Part I are republished from a souvenir historical sketch of the company printed in '93. For the remainder of Part I and all of Part II, I am responsible. The book neither attains nor aims at "the dignity of history." My part is simply an account of some things done and said in the camps of Company B during the Spanish war. The purpose of this writing is to give some notion of the kind of life we led in Uncle Sam's Volunteer army.

GEORGE C. COOK.

even the same general appearance. Some had uniforms for a portion of the men, some a portion of a uniform for each man, and some, to the mortification of both themselves and the public, were compelled to wear, on all occasions of drill and parade, clothing wholly unmilitary. Company B, however, was exceptionally well uniformed and equipped, being composed, as it was, of men who had seen service in the army, and who knew the requirements of a soldier, and had the pride in the organization and the service to enable them to provide clothing in which to make a creditable appearance.

The first officers elected were: Captain, J. A. Andrews; first lieutenant, E. L. Crook; second lieutenant, H. L. Mason. The armory of the company was in the Metropolitan hall, on the fourth floor of the W. C. Wadsworth block, and was then the only place to be obtained large enough for drill purposes. In January, 1879, both lieutenants resigned, and an election was ordered for February 17th, to fill the vacancies. Geo. W. Hutchins was elected as first lieutenant, and Chas. W. McElroy as second. Soon after this young recruits began to be enlisted. This caused some discord among the old members, and frustrated the plan to keep the company as an old soldiers' organization. The matter of subsistence also became a serious question with many, and members became tired of paying all the expenses themselves. Companies, to maintain their existence, were largely dependent on the communities in which they were stationed, or on assessments upon individual members. These conditions beget a spirit that yields very unready to discipline, and, while the Guard, as a whole, was far in advance of what might have been expected in this particular, there often occurred instances of disregard of authority highly injurious, and calculated to unfit, rather than prepare, men for the strict observance of law and orders, without which all military organizations become disgracefully ineffective. Through these causes, and others, the company began to degenerate, and the members to lose interest. Discords arose between members, and contentions between officers and men, created by a feeling of opposition to authority.

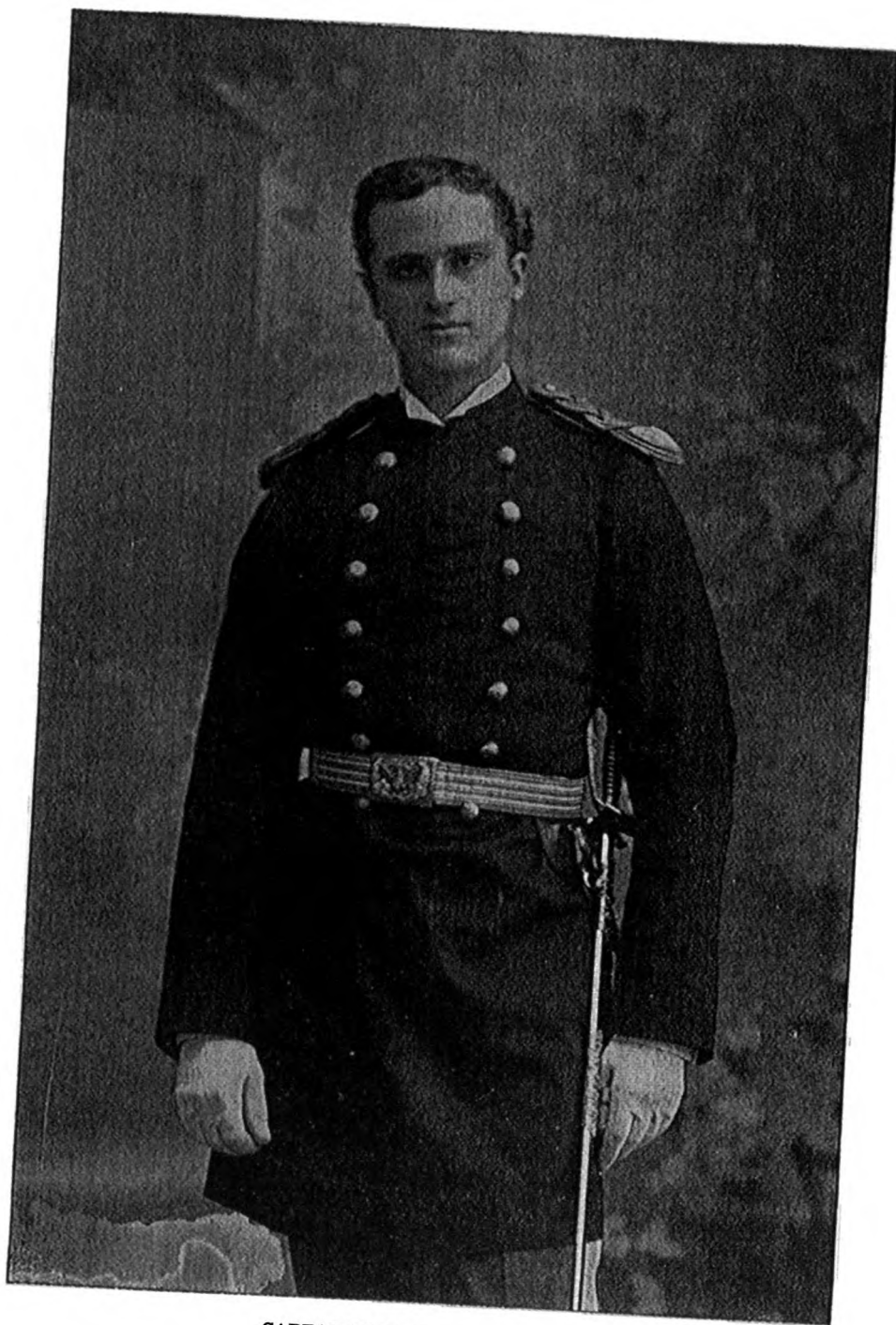
The company had not wholly disbanded in 1881, but was on the verge of going to pieces, and would soon have been mustered out of the service. Several influential citizens then became interested in the matter, and took steps toward a reorganization, which was effected early in the year. A thorough weeding out was made of the old membership, and new recruits were enlisted until the interest was again

revived. The first officers of the reorganized company were: Henry Egbert, captain; P. W. McManus, first lieutenant; E. I. Cameron, second lieutenant. Captain Egbert had been a colonel in the army, and Lieutenant McManus also, both having had experience in various positions and in different commands, so both were eminently fitted to put the company in the best possible shape, and upon a firm and correct military foundation. It was decided to have a state encampment at Des Moines in October of this year, and this served to interest the men still more in the drills. All worked together, and soon the company was making fine progress in drill. Its quarters were still in the Metropolitan hall; weekly drills were held and largely attended.

The company went into camp at Des Moines October 30, 1881, with the other state troops. This encampment was the first experience of most of the men, and many of the officers, in camp life and duties, and here they had their first practical solution of military movements by regiment. This encampment was very crude in more ways than one. The rations were scant and entirely different from anything the men had ever experienced; the cooking was villainous. No blankets being provided, each man carried quilts and other bed clothing from home. None of the men had overcoats, except their personal property of that kind, and on cool mornings and evenings it was difficult to distinguish the soldier boys from the other citizens. There was a great deal of "skylarking" and "foraging" among the men, and the people who lived within reach of the camp ground were heartily glad when "the war was over," and they were again left to the enjoyment of peace and what was left of their property. This tour of duty, however, primitive as it was, served to interest officers and men more deeply in the Guard, and to show them their failings from a military standpoint. They set about informing themselves regarding military matters, and preparing to make a more creditable showing in the future. All returned to their homes fairly well pleased with the camp trip, and fully determined to go next year and do better. Soon after returning from Des Moines, Captain Egbert resigned and Lieutenant McManus was elected as the next captain, Lieutenant E. I. Cameron as first lieutenant, and Geo. V. Lauman as second lieutenant. On the strength of the interest awakened by the encampment a number of good new recruits were secured, and the company did some faithful work, showing steady improvement and putting itself in very presentable shape as to proficiency in drill.

The question of subsistence was still the hardest one to solve, and subscription papers were often seen passing around to pay armory rent and other incidentals. A brigade encampment was ordered from July 3d to 8th, 1882, at Muscatine, and the early summer of this year was occupied by the company in extra and regular drills, preparing for the event. They went into camp as ordered, in good form, showing while there that they were equal in personnel and discipline to any company of the brigade. The five days' encampment were of great benefit to the officers and men, for many of them had been through the one of 1881 and knew how to go about getting the most benefit from this one. There was not so much time wasted in preliminaries, and more devoted to telling work. A part of the weather was rainy, but, on the whole, the encampment was well enjoyed by all. The boys did some "foraging," but were quite mild as compared to the year before. The showing made by the company was good enough, so that our captain was wanted for a higher position, and in April, 1883, he was elected lieutenant colonel of the Second regiment, of which our company was then a part, having been transferred from the old Ninth when the Guard was reorganized and the regiments were condensed from nine to six. By this arrangement the regiment gained a first-class officer and the company lost the best captain we ever had. On May 22, 1883, E. I. Cameron was elected captain, Geo. V. Lauman first lieutenant, and H. W. Gilbert second lieutenant. These officers continued the policy and plans of the company as they had been before; the men showed the effect of regular drills, and, seeing the necessity of it, began to show better discipline. The boys held social parties, and occasionally gave a ball, to increase their income and provide for expenses as far as possible.

The encampment of 1884 was by brigade, and was held in Fairfield. All showed marked improvement as compared with the year before, and the encampment was a very profitable one. We went into camp August 11, and did telling and regular camp work for five days. The boys enjoyed the time spent there, and most of them were more enthusiastic than ever. In April of this year Lieutenant Lauman severed his connection with the company, being compelled to remove to Chicago for permanent residence. At an election held March 25, 1884, H. W. Gilbert was elected first lieutenant, and W. J. McCullough second lieutenant.



CAPTAIN ROBERT T. FRENCH.

With these officers, the company entered its first competitive drill. This was for a purse offered by the Fair Association, and was against the Rodman Rifles of Rock Island, Ills. This was an old company, and a good one, having won several prizes before. We had many misgivings as to the outcome, but all worked faithfully and hard. We had a great many extra drills, and many of them secretly, as our opponents had spies at our armory on regular drill nights to note our progress. We were coached by C. F. Garlock for a few drills, and every man took hold determined to do his best. The Rodmans came over, thinking it only a matter of form to go to the grounds, drill, and get the purse. They had ordered a banquet before they left home, and intended paying for it with the prize money. We drew choice of place and drilled first. The boys were cool and determined, and, though some errors were made by both officers and men, all felt they had done their best and knew they had "put up" a good drill. Our opponents were surprised, and half beaten, when we finished the program. Their captain said afterward that when we came onto the field and stacked arms he knew he was beaten. That "stack" was enough. The judges' decision gave us the purse by a handsome margin. The boys received many congratulations, and deserved them. They were quiet themselves, however, and made no demonstration on the grounds. We escorted our guests and late opponents from the grounds to the boat, to convey them home, then returned to our armory. When we reached there the boys gave vent to their pent-up feelings, and fairly made the old building tremble. The Rodmans went home, invited the street urchins to eat their banquet, and then broke all the dishes and furniture. With the money won in this drill, and a little collected otherwise, we bought a new gun case, and a nice one. It was a great addition to our quarters, as it was handsome, made of hard wood, and was a fine piece of furniture. It is still in use in the new armory, and, beside being very useful, is a constant reminder of our first prize drill.

In 1884 a consultation was held with brigade and regimental commanders, at which it was determined to make a trial of camping by regiments, instead of, as formerly, by brigade. In accordance with this decision the Second regiment went into camp in August, 1885, at Centerville. The company had worked hard preparing for this encampment, as there was to be a prize drill for purses offered by citizens of Centerville. We went from home feeling that we should

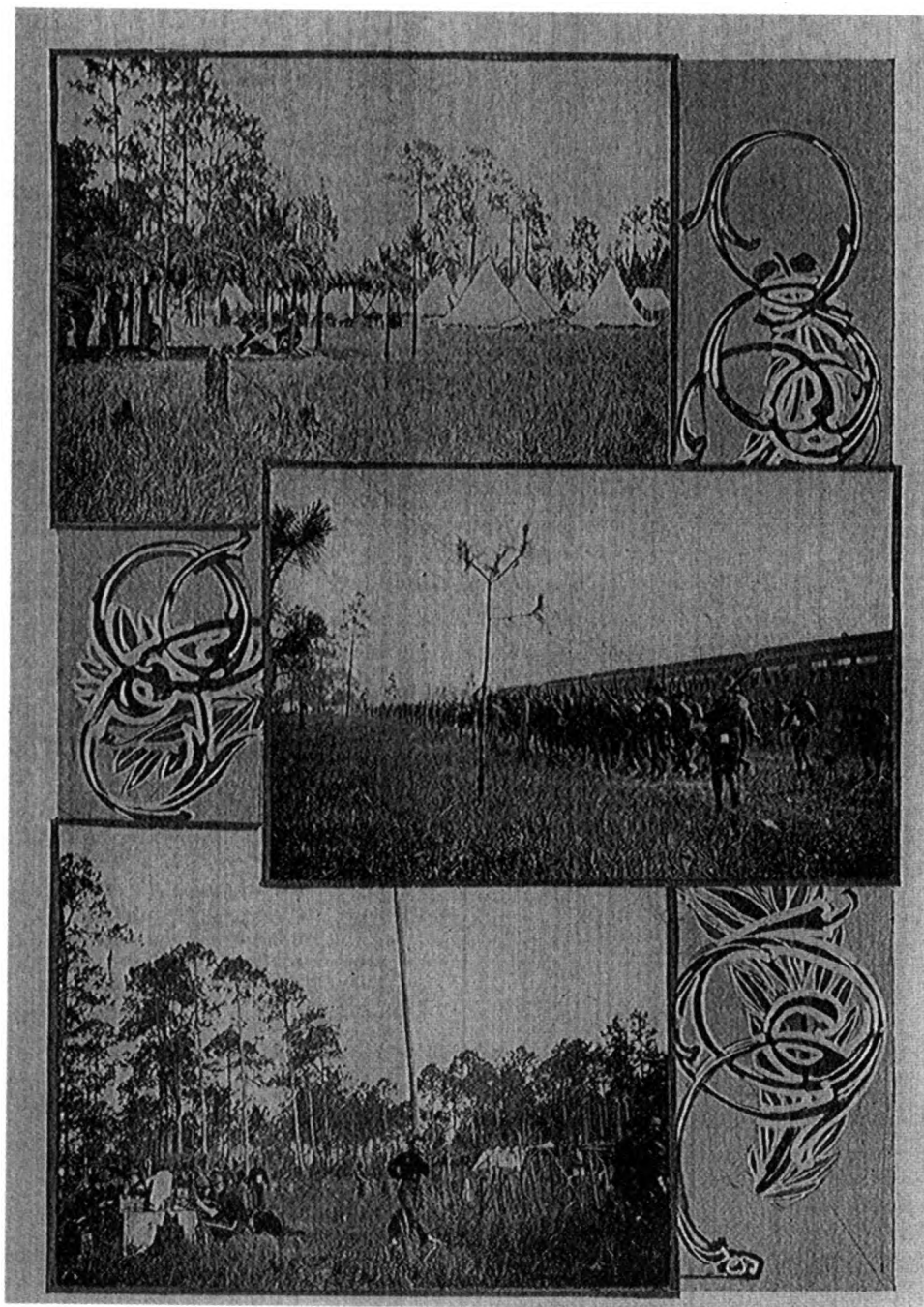
be among the winners, as we had carefully prepared ourselves for almost anything in Upton. The programs were to be given us thirty minutes before we went on the ground, so no one knew what we were to do. This being our second drill, however, we had a little better idea than before. There were six companies competing in this drill, two not entering, and the decision of the judges gave us the second place. We were satisfied, for the drill was fair, and all thought us rightly placed. There was some jealousy engendered by this competition among companies who did not win, and who thought themselves our superiors. Some of this feeling still exists in the Guard, I am sorry to say.

In 1886, the encampment was again by brigade, and was at Oskaloosa. At this encampment the regiment was commanded by our old Captain, P. W. McManus, as colonel, the boys having had the pleasure of casting an unanimous vote for him for this position on October 20, 1885. We had also worked hard, and many extra hours, preparing for this encampment, for, though we were not expecting any competitive drill, we were anxious to keep the reputation we had gained, to show the brigade that the honors we had won were not accidental, and that we were prepared to hold them. After we were settled in our quarters it was announced to the brigade that a new stand of arms, of the latest improved pattern, would be given to the company being the most proficient in drill, making the best and most soldierly appearance during the encampment, and having the highest percentage on inspection. Of course, we did our best, and were in shape to do well, owing to our careful work at home. We were much gratified, and very highly elated, to hear from the adjutant general, after the whole encampment had been passed upon and the pay rolls made up, that we had won the guns. This gave us first place in the brigade of twenty-four companies, and the boys were more than pleased. The G. A. R. encampment was to take place at Maquoketa in September, immediately following our Oskaloosa trip, and we buckled down to hard work again, preparing to go into the prize drill to be held there at that time. We had at this time secured quarters from the city, in a building built for a market house, but then unused. We had secured some fine new lockers in the company rooms, and a new fancy dress uniform, which we had not yet worn in public. These last were purchased with money obtained by inducing the Washington Rifles, of Washington, D. C., who were then making a tour of the country, to stop here and give an

exhibition. They had about eighty men, and we had to provide for their entertainment. We did a large amount of work and talking, and secured enough subscriptions to guarantee expenses. They came and were quartered at the Kimball House. This was the largest military parade seen here since the war up to that time, and was a pronounced success, financially and otherwise, for us. The boys were very anxious to initiate these uniforms, and do so in a befitting manner. We were to wear them for the first time at the Maquoketa drill, and the Governor's Greys of Dubuque were entered against us, all other companies having withdrawn when they entered. The Muscatine company was barred from the first, for if it entered the Greys would not, being afraid of their laurels. The Greys had been called the first company in the state, and were conceded to be the "crack" company of their regiment and brigade. We therefore had the honor of our regiment and brigade, beside our own, to uphold, and were naturally a little nervous. The boys worked hard, however, drilling both morning and evening, working in the armory, on the streets, and in vacant lots. The programs were to be mailed to us the day before the drill. We went through ours twice, as we understood it, and took the morning train for Maquoketa. When we arrived there we learned the Dubuque company had been there two days, but we could not find them. After some time they were discovered out in a pasture, behind the fair grounds fence, hard at work, drilling the program. When any of our boys went in sight the Greys stopped drilling. Our boys were not formed in line at all, after breaking ranks, until time for drill, and never were on the drill grounds as a company until they went on to drill the program. Our opponents were on the grounds, however, and drilled the program all the day before our arrival. We kept cool and got our dinners, then drew for places. We secured the choice, and took first. We went onto the grounds and completed the program in the time allowed, and did it with as few errors as we ever made in a drill. There was a special point made of the time consumed in executing the maneuvers in the program, it being thought that it could not be finished in the time given. Companies were to be given credit for extra time. Both companies drilled well, but while we thought we had won, there was nothing sure. Our opponents congratulated us on the drill we had put up; they did not consider it up to theirs, but very good for us. About an hour after the drill we were ordered to report to the commander of the camp with our companies. They were soon

in line in front of his quarters, and the officers reported. He then thanked us for our entertainment, and congratulated us on the finish of our drills and our appearance, keeping us in suspense while he made quite an address, and then announced that Company B had won. This was the crowning success of our efforts as a military company, and the boys cheered and congratulated themselves without restraint as soon as the ranks were broken. We came home on the evening train, and were met at the depot by a delegation of citizens and a band, and escorted to Turner Hall, where a reception and supper had been prepared for us.

In 1887, our encampment was at Ottumwa, and was by brigade. We had the usual routine of camp duties, and the men showed a better understanding of the duties of a soldier, and what was necessary to be done to receive the fullest benefit from an encampment. Every opportunity was improved, by both officers and men, to learn all that it was possible to do in the five days allowed us. The weather was fearfully hot, but the men, as a rule, were in good health, and showed but little effect of it. One day, however, was trying. This was Review day, when the men were kept standing for a long time in one position in the hot sun. Many of them were carried to their quarters, having fallen down from the effects of the heat. Some companies lost most of their men in this way. Our company was fortunate in this regard, as only one man was obliged to leave the ranks. Our men, however, were in good condition and had been taking care of themselves. There were, however, no serious lasting effects from the heat, and all recovered during the night. During 1886 and 1887 we had gradually secured more room from the city for armory purposes, and now had good company and drill rooms in the building owned by the city and formerly built for a market. The city had remodeled the interior for us, and all was pleasant. The camp pay of the men, now allowed by the state and placed in the company treasury, enabled us to get along quite comfortably. Early in May, 1888, our captain's commission expired, and on May 14, H. W. Gilbert was elected Captain, R. J. Muckle first lieutenant; J. J. Frazier second lieutenant. Lieutenant W. J. McCullough had been appointed quartermaster of the Second regiment on May 14, 1888, and was not a candidate for a lieutenantcy. The regular drill work of the company was kept up, and considerable interest was taken in target practice, a number of men making very creditable scores.



1. FIRST CAMP. 2. THE ARRIVAL. 3. FIRST MESS.

Our encampment of 1888 was at Burlington, and was a very successful one. The company made a good showing, and was highly complimented upon its appearance and improvement. Competitive drills in the Guard had been vetoed, on account of the unpleasant feelings shown by some companies in consequence of the ones we had before. Our company had not participated in any interstate drills that were being held in various parts of the country, believing, as facts have proven, that most, if not all of them, were "fixed," and that merit did not win. This is now thoroughly believed, and such competitions are of the past. We now began regular meetings for the officers and non-commissioned officers, and had, in addition to the company, a large cadet corps, formed this year, drilling once a week, composed of boys who were interested but who were too young to enlist. This made a good source from which to recruit the company, and they were drilled, ready to take their places in the ranks as soon as enlisted. Most of the cadets enlisted in the company as soon as they were old enough, and, of course, were far superior to raw recruits.

In 1889, the city concluded that they wanted our company room for police patrol purposes, and as we were subsisting on their charity as regarded the armory, having no lease, they took it. This compelled us to move our furniture and lockers into our drill room, which, being none too large in the first place, was now too small for drill purposes. We drilled on the street when the weather would permit, and when it would not, could not drill at all. The loss of the company room diminished the interest of some members; drills and other meetings were not so well attended as before. Our encampment this year was on August 5, at Ft. Madison, and was by regiment. We had two companies of U. S. Regulars in camp with us here, which was a great help to the members of the Guard, both officers and men, and all profited by it to the fullest extent possible. The trip to and from Ft. Madison was made by boat, and was greatly enjoyed by all. It was an agreeable change from the long night rides in crowded trains, and was highly appreciated. Soon after our return from encampment we were compelled to move our quarters, our drill room being taken for a house of detention in connection with the police department. After some "house hunting," we secured a room in the Turner hall building for a company room, and moved our furniture into it, using the gymnasium for drill purposes. This was unsatisfactory in many ways, for we were practically without a home. We lost our cadet corps soon

after moving here, as many parents objected to the location, and would not allow their boys to attend drills on account of the surroundings. There was some talk of other quarters, but nothing was accomplished. There was no other place in the city available, and none could be secured at all for the small sum the state allowed for the purpose. Some of the boys were becoming discouraged and losing interest.

A brigade encampment was ordered for Des Moines in 1890. This spurred the men up somewhat to renewed efforts, and we again buckled down to hard drills, and went into camp in August in good shape. There was nothing different from the regular camp life, except the presence of a regiment of United States troops, which was a great assistance to us in many ways. In September of this year the Exposition and Fair Association held its first show, and offered three prizes for an exhibition drill. We began preparing for this at once on our return from camp, and on the day of the drill had a team in fair shape. The only outside company entered was Company C, of Muscatine, and, there being three prizes, we organized a cadet corps for the occasion. The program was quite difficult, and the day was rainy, but on the whole it was a very good military exhibition. The judges gave Company C first, our company second, and the cadets third. We did not do as good work as we had expected, owing to the inability of some members of the team, both officers and men, to be present. Their places had to be filled by others not used to them. The place of second lieutenant was filled by a man from the ranks who had never been in the position before. We also lost on inspection, owing to several guns having broken firing pins in them because we were unable to get new ones from the state to replace them. The judges, being regular army officers, threw out these guns as being unserviceable. This was our last competitive drill, and was our fifth one, out of which we won three first and two second prizes. During the winters of 1890 and 1891, business arrangements calling him permanently away from the city, our second lieutenant left us, and in the spring of 1891, F. M. Parmele was elected second lieutenant.

The year of 1891 was a busy one for us. We had decided to settle the armory question by building one. We thought if we could arrange to raise part of the money, and use our state allowance, together with the income from our armory building, we could have a home of our own, and so went to work to secure it. We arranged to lease the ground from the city at a nominal rental, and secured a lot

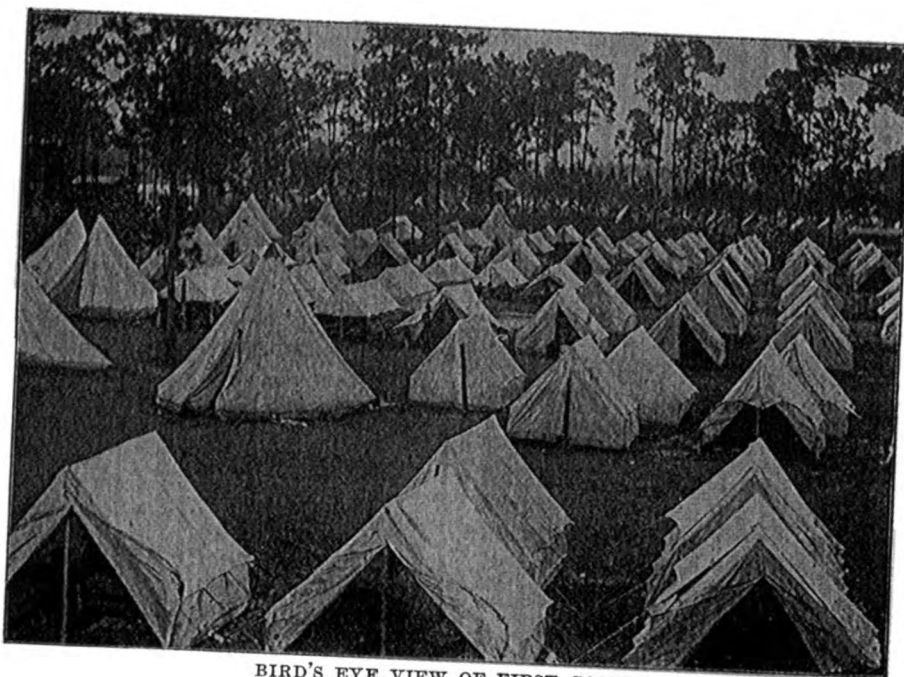
sixty-three feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long, in a desirable location on Fifth street between Main and Brady. A fair was held which netted us a little more than \$600. We then issued certificates of stock at \$10 per share and began disposing of them. The members of the company took a good many of them, and several citizens assisted in this way. We did not, however, succeed in obtaining as much as we had hoped. The foundation was laid in the fall, and the next spring we began the erection of a brick building 63x150 feet, thirty feet of the front being two stories and the balance one story in height. The building was completed slowly, owing to the financial difficulties, but was finally finished. We took possession in February, 1891. We had planned for an opening ball, but this had to be postponed because water had got under the improperly laid maple floor, causing it to warp. This we had to replace with a new floor, causing us much delay and unlooked for expense. When the floor was finished, however, the new armory was dedicated with the finest military ball ever seen here. It was a complete success, and was attended by many prominent people from military and social circles. We now think we have as fine an armory as any in the state, having nice, comfortable, commodious company rooms on the second floor, front, and a drill room 60x120 feet of clear space. We have gas and electric lights, water, toilet rooms, reception rooms, and all the requirements of a comfortable and complete building.

Our encampment of 1891 was held here at Davenport, and was regimental. This was the first of the kind seen here since the war, and was a surprise to many people. Few expected to see such a well organized, disciplined and equipped force as a part of the Iowa Guard, and many acknowledged that the state troops were deserving better support than they received from the state who had before held the opinion that we did not amount to much, and that the money appropriated for us was wasted.

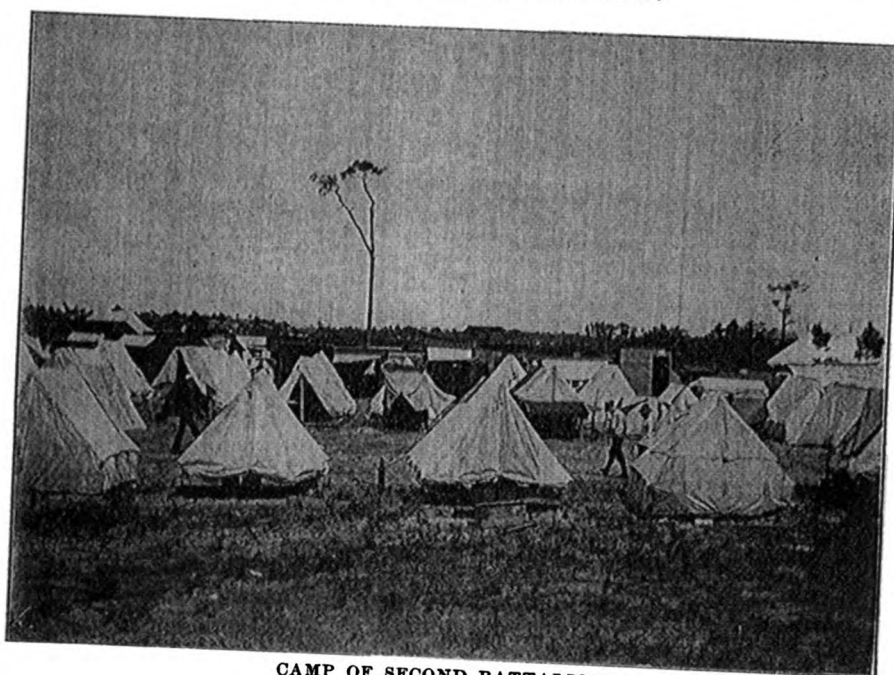
At this encampment the matter of going to Chicago for the dedicatory ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1892 was discussed, and there was talk of taking the whole state Guard. This was afterward found impracticable, or too expensive, and it was decided to send part of the Guard. It was finally decided that the first and second regiments should be detailed as the "Iowa Provisional Brigade," to represent the Iowa National Guard for this service. This duty was to be in lieu of our regular encampment, and we were ordered

to be in readiness for this trip on October 11, 12 and 13. Our orders were afterward changed to the 20th, 21st and 22nd of October, owing to the change of dates for the dedication exercises. The Second regiment was afterward ordered to Davenport, and the first to Burlington, for a two-days' encampment of instruction before going to Chicago, as we had never been in camp, or together as a regiment, under the new revised tactics and new formation. The Second battalion of the Second regiment was quartered here in our armory, and had plenty of room. Rations were served by contract. The camp was very profitable in many ways, to officers and men alike, and had much to do with the fine appearance the Iowa troops made in Chicago. We arrived in Chicago on the morning of the 19th of October, and were quartered in the Agricultural building at Jackson Park. The quarters were comfortable and pleasant, but the rations were not what they should have been. Being furnished on contract, however, they probably were as good as could be expected. The trip was greatly enjoyed by us all. The limited quarters would not allow of much military work, and the boys put in the time seeing the exposition grounds and Chicago. There were troops there from all the states and territories which had a Guard, and we learned from seeing these and the different equipments. The men had five days in Chicago, and to many of them it was the experience of a lifetime. Our active service in the Guard here in Iowa has not been as much as in many other states. Here there has been no call for it, and no cause for it. The nearest approach we have had to active service, aside from the regular camp service, was at the time of the What Cheer coal miners' strike in 1887. We then had a telegram to be in readiness to go to What Cheer on receipt of telegraphic orders. All of the commissioned officers of the company were out of the city when the telegram came, but inside of an hour forty-eight men were in the armory, under command of the first sergeant, ready to go. This was the entire membership that was in the city, except two, who were unable to go on account of sickness. The officers returned later, and all lay in the armory all night expecting to be called to move any minute. But no orders came, and in the morning we were telegraphed that we would not be needed.

In the May election of 1893, Edward G. Peck was chosen for captain, F. M. Jones for first lieutenant, and E. R. Hasson for second. Peck, however, for business reasons, never qualified as captain of the company. First Lieutenant Jones commanded the company for six months,



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF FIRST CAMP.



CAMP OF SECOND BATTALION.

and was then, on November 17th, made captain. Sergeant T. C. Dalzell was elected first lieutenant January 15th, 1894. There was no encampment in 1893. One day, however, Captain Jones mobilized the company, put the boys in heavy marching order, and the baggage on a train, and ran down to West Davenport. They were very much fooled boys, for they were going against Chicago strikers, or, Indians at least.

In the February inspection of 1894, Company B made a poor showing. There was not much interest in the company at that time, although the Burlington encampment for the week, beginning August 24th, did something in the way of reviving it. In November, Captain Jones resigned, on account of removal from the city, and four years later, when the company was passing through Davenport on its way south, he was able, in his position of chief train despatcher of the Iowa division of the Rock Island road, to give the boys that very much appreciated last hour at home. In January, 1895, Robert Tillinghast French, then a private, was elected captain over J. Matteson, then first sergeant. First Lieutenant Dalzell wanted French for captain, and threw him his support. It was the closest and most exciting election of officers ever held by the company, and it brought a splendid man to the top. The champagne punch that night at French's was excellent. Early in July Second Lieutenant Hasson resigned, and First Sergeant Matteson was elected to fill the vacancy. In August the brigade encampment was held in Centerville, and nothing memorable occurred, except a well-executed raid on the sutler. The camp was on top of a coal mine, and as hot as though it were all on fire. The company did not make much of a showing, for only about half the boys could get away from work. Lieutenant Routhers of the Eighth Infantry, who was at the time detailed for work on the Island, had been coaching the company two or three times a week, and had the full membership been at Centerville, we would have done very well. The boys gave a lawn fete and exhibition drill that summer at the Outing Park. It was a very successful society event. In the February inspection the company made a fair showing.

The regimental encampment at Ottumwa in 1896 began on July 25th, and the seven succeeding days were very rainy. The tents were floored with loose boards, across two-by-fours which were laid flat. The ground was low, and one very rainy night the water threatened to rise over the floors. So the captain came down the company street

in the rain and helped the fellows turn the two-by-fours on edge. Then Captain Robbie went back and sat all night, holding the flies of his own tent shut. The drills at Ottumwa were before breakfast, and the men had the afternoons off. The company made a good showing that year.

There was some nervy diving in the Ottumwa natatorium during that encampment. The bath house tank was some seventy-five feet long and fifty feet wide, with water from four to eleven feet deep. There was a good deal of diving, and the climax of it came when Captain French and Charlie Sartorius, a boy of twelve or thirteen, whom Altman had brought to camp, unostentatiously dived forty feet from the rafters of the building. The adjutant and staff officers were well "whacked" with rubber bags in that swimming tank. After living under the Articles of War and the army regulations, it is odd to look back and think of enlisted men whacking officers.

Shortly before the Ottumwa encampment Captain French, First Sergeant Hender, Sergeant McManus and Private Main had gone to Cedar Rapids, for target practice on the range there. They say that Captain and Commissary Billy McCullough shot six times and got a black arm. (By the way what was it that dropped out of Billy's hat when he gracefully bowed to the ladies? History is silent, so are the ladies, but they know.) The lack of a range has been and still is the greatest handicap of the Davenport company. Its other handicap—debt—was removed by the energy and administrative ability of Robert T. French. In the spring of '96 the armory was badly run down for lack of repairs, and the company was loaded with an indebtedness of \$6,700. With the assistance of Col. George French, Judge Nath. French, and of his sisters, Miss Alice French and Miss Frances French, the captain set about paying off this indebtedness. The members of the company also worked hard, and in a very short time, by the help of city, county and citizens, the thing was accomplished. Nine thousand five hundred dollars was raised. The debt was paid, and great improvements were made on the armory. Bath rooms, and athletic rooms, and a room for the non-coms, were added. A new roof was put on, and a new floor laid in the drill hall. Electric lights were put in, everything was replastered, the assembly room was remodeled. Later, the company had fine new uniforms by a regular army tailor. These were not the unsoldierly and ugly fancy dress uniforms of earlier days, but the trim blouse and trousers of the regulars.

Uncle Sam doesn't go in for pomp and paraphernalia with his regular soldiers. He gives them exactly what they need, and dresses them not for show, but for work. Say what you please of the Kaiser's army, there is more good sense in Uncle Sam's. The good, clean building, the good, clean clothing of company B, gave it self respect and made it soldierly in appearance and spirit. That was Robert French's work, and it was work characteristic of the man. His sister, Miss Frances, gave the boys a good piano, which still rings blithely with muscular music.

Captain French improved not only the financial, but the social condition of the company. The first dance after the laying of the new floor was in October, '96. There was a reception in the afternoon, and in the evening an excellent military ball. At the reception the company went through guard mount and the bayonet exercises, and in the evening a smart company drill. On the evening of November 4th, '96, Captain French arranged to have the returns of the McKinley-Bryan election posted in the hall, and had hundreds of chairs brought down from Library hall. A great many women availed themselves of the opportunity to watch the returns. It was decidedly worth doing that. It seemed to remove something of the sordid associations of politics to have the best women of the city gathered there, absorbed in the news of the great election.

After paying off the debt, remodeling the armory, reclothing the company and setting it on a higher social level, Captain French felt that his work was done, and, in November, '96, resigned. Afterwards he planned to give a medal to the best drilled soldier of the company, and that medal is now being competed for in three annual drills and inspections. It is not too much to say that Captain French did more to insure the refinement and stability of Company B than any man who ever belonged to it. We would not be in this armory today were it not for him.

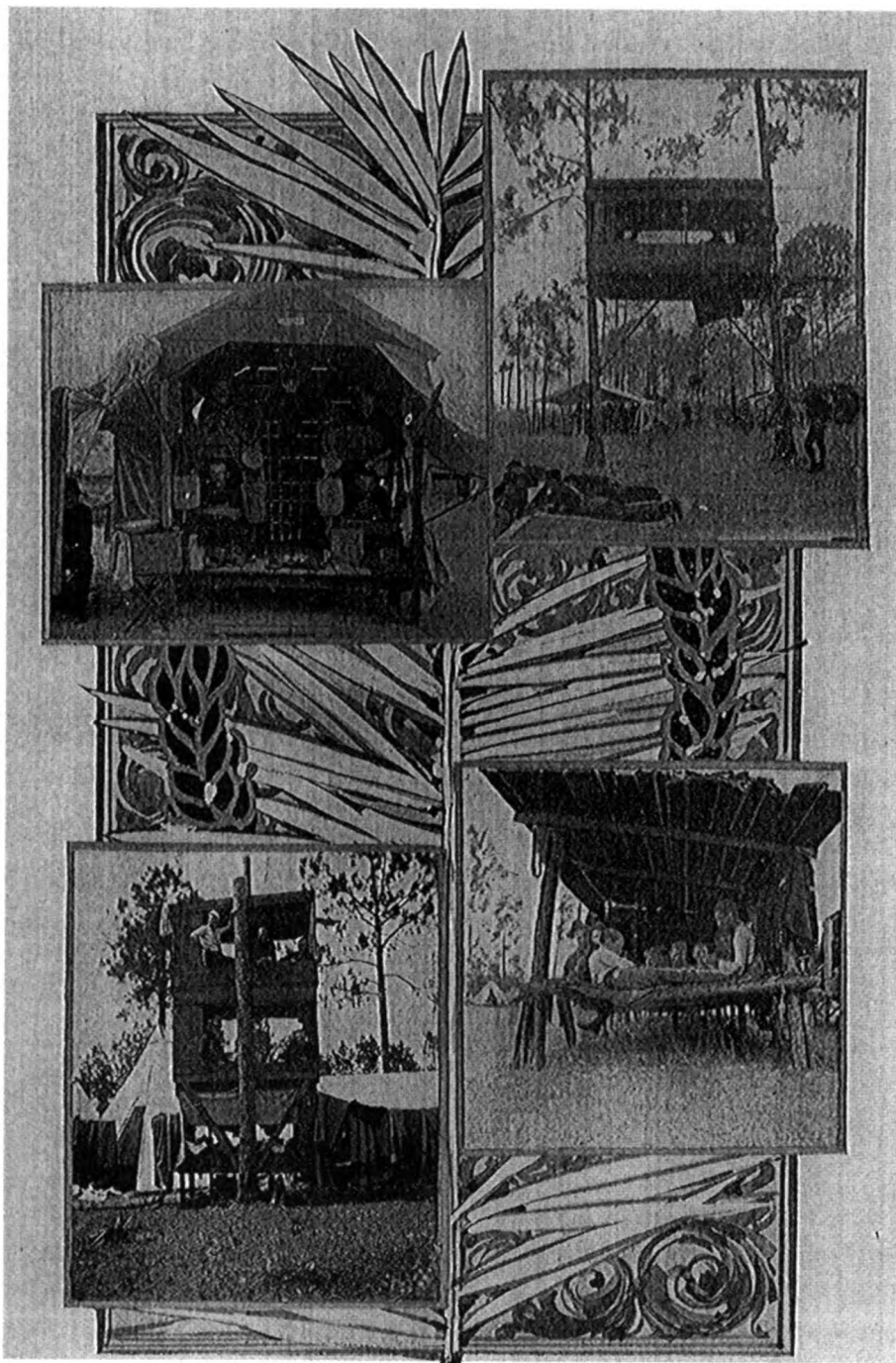
On December 28th, First Lieutenant T. C. Dalzell was elected captain and First Sergeant Hender was elected first lieutenant over Matteson. In the inspection of February 28th, 1897, the company made a capital showing. Rifles had been blued, there was a large company, and only the lack of target practice prevented the company from leading the entire Iowa division. In August of that year, the regimental camp was at Washington; the Davenport company made a clean sweep. Every orderly man was a "B" man, and when the boys

came home, Burmeister, being right guide, had a big, beribboned broom strapped to his rifle. In the fall, Hender, Roe, Burmeister, Lapitz and Watkins qualified at the Muscatine range as state sharpshooters, and nearly all the rest of the company as marksmen.

Captain French had gone east in December '95, to work in the Carnegie iron and steel mills at Homestead, Pennsylvania. While there, in September '97, he was taken sick and went with his brother, Col. George W. French, to Toronto, Canada, where he was placed in the hospital. His sickness proved to be typhoid fever, and after a long and bitter battle, in spite of splendid pluck and perfect nursing, he died in Toronto hospital, November 7th, 1897. His sister, Miss Alice French, was with him through it all. It was an unspeakable blow to his family, and his many, many friends. Captain Dalzell and the non-commissioned officers of the company went to Chicago and met the train bearing the body home. The non-coms bore the coffin from the train to the hearse through the dense and sorrowing crowd which had gathered at the station. The company attended in a body the funeral services at the house.

Robert Tillinghast French was only twenty-five when he died. He was graduated from Harvard in '93, after living four years strongly and beautifully at Cambridge. There he wrote, boxed, helped people, was loved. With his keen, strong intellect he performed collegiate duties easily and well, and had time to enjoy good things and make others enjoy them. After graduation he came to Davenport and set about learning the business of manufacturing steel and iron. He began at the bottom and learned to do, himself, every kind of work which was done in the Eagle works and the Sylvan Steel works of Moline. With grimy shirt, coarse shoes and dinner basket, he went and came; by night and day he worked as rougher, roller, finisher, toiling, taking no favors. He was in earnest, he was thorough, he did the little things that culminate in great things. He was as ready to give his last dollar to a fellow workman who needed it as he was to give a threshing to any hugh lubber who needed *that*. He was just and did justice, he was fearless and very tender. College chums, fellow workmen, society girls, men of company B, idolized the beautiful fellow. It is hard to see a limit to what he might have done and been. He was greatly loved and greatly worth loving.

Lieutenant Matteson resigned in November, and First Sergeant James M. McManus was elected to fill the vacancy. In February, '96,



WITH ALL HOME COMFORTS.

on inspection, company B made the best showing of any company in the state. Captain Tom Dalzell placed the superstructure of that excellence upon the broad and deep foundations laid by Captain Robert T. French.



PART II.

SEVEN MONTHS OF WAR.

April 23—November 30, 1898.

The weeks of April, 1898, were weeks of anxious expectancy for Co. B. Interest in the company rose to a higher pitch than ever before, on the part of the boys themselves, and on the part of the city. Fellows who wanted to be "in it" spoke to Captain Dalzell about joining the company in case it should be called out. President McKinley's call for 125,000 volunteers brought this interest to fever pitch. The days of waiting for orders became tenser and tenser. All day Saturday, April 23, men kept dropping into the armory to hear the news. At length, in the afternoon, First Sergeant Roe received the telephonic orders from Captain Dalzell to mobilize the company at the armory. Roe sent Corporal Leonardy out to notify the men, ordering them to report at 7:30 that evening. Leonardy went up one street and down another, stopping at stores and shops and offices. Burmeister shut his banking ledger with a snap, Martin left three yards of cloth unmeasured, and the girls in "The Fair" store threatened to mob Leonardy for taking him away; Main stopped selling a bed-room set, Miner left the telegraph key in Moline to tick its message on the desert air, McManus left an unfled pleading, Captain Tom dropped a half spanked orphan, Hender and Middleton a half dissected cat. By half past four blue blouses and gray campaign hats were hurrying hither and thither through the streets. It is astonishing how each row of brass buttons seemed magnetized by some one particular girl. Tillie and Mary and Sadie and Anne were all affected in much the same way, by the buttons and the news. It was very touching and very pleasant.

By 7:30, the company was assembled in the armory, and Fifth street was packed with an interested crowd of observers and well-wishers. Everybody answered roll call, and then the boys were allowed to return till 9 o'clock to the bosoms of their families and best girls. One man really got married, and rumor married about ten more in those ninety minutes.

Guard duty began that memorable evening of April 23, and until September 20, six months afterward, there was never a time, night or day, when there were not three or four men of Co. B awake on guard. That first guard-detail consisted of Sergeant Main, Corporal Leonardy, Privates Claussen, Greene and Carson. That night the same unwonted kind of activity was going on in every Iowa town which supported a company of the Guard; yes, from Oregon to Florida, from Maine to California, the same thing was happening. The whole widespread, mighty nation, city by city, town by town, was gathering its companies of blue-bloused men, soon to be massed by regiment and brigade, division and corps. The mobilizing of Co. B was in itself a small thing, but as part of a mighty process it was impressive.

The first night in the armory, we spread our blankets and overcoats on the uncarpeted floor,—a dryer but harder bed than we later became accustomed to. Discipline had not yet fairly begun among us; the night was a good deal of a lark, and there was very little sleeping. We lay on overcoat buttons long enough, however, to get up with eagles stamped on our skins. The men dispersed to their homes and to restaurants for breakfast, so there was no cooks' police, but after breakfast the room-orderly and a detail for special fatigue swept out the armory. It needed it. Sunday and Monday passed slowly, with much drilling of rookies,—the men dispersing for meals, and gathering for sleep and drill in the armory and for marches through the streets.

Public interest in the company was at the highest pitch. The Davenport Shriners donated a hundred dollars toward a company fund for the relief of sick and wounded, the August Wentz Post invited us to an army supper, ladies gave little spreads to their friends among the boys, and—highest tribute of all—"a soldier" was treated with respectful idolatry by the street arabs. The urchins could not quite repress their curiosity as to whether we were "scared at going to war," but they were ready to believe us when we said we were not, and it was

evident that at last we had that very difficult thing to win—the street arab's approval.

Sunday evening, we marched down to eat the bean supper of the veterans. They lined up in front of the armory, and the company, following the colors, marched past them as they stood with bared heads. We formed line on the right, they marched past us, and, preceded by the old Second Regiment band, led the way to their hall. There they formed line again, while a level beam of sunset light touched their faces as we went before them up the stairs to the scene of the bean banquet. Maybe we only fancied it, but it seemed to us that their eyes flashed with the fire of '61 as they looked at the young men going out that day, as they had gone long years before, in answer to the call of Uncle Sam. There was a touch of real poetry in this fraternizing of old and young, this passing on of the torch of patriotism from generation to generation, from war to war. They had our deepest veneration, those men who had been through winter's cold and summer's heat, who had stood fierce battles and long marches, fever and famine, imprisonment, loss of comrades, disease and wounds. They were better men than we, for they had been tried and found not wanting, they had done what we only hoped, and as it proved, hoped vainly, to do. But the veterans didn't play fair. Heroes of '61, you talked us half to death, you know you did. You told us lies that had been mellowing a third of a century, and you never gave us a chance to lie back. You fired smooth-bore yarns at us by file, and muzzle-loading jokes by volley. You had been drilling with those antiquated weapons more years than we had lived, and you used them with the deadly rapidity of a Maxim gun. You riddled, and sat upon, and bottled up our fledgling wit and eloquence. Your toast-master ignored our signals of distress. Why! Cervera's sufferings at Santiago were insignificant, compared with ours, in this first dreadful engagement of the Spanish-American war. Praise is exhausted and further tribute would be an anti-climax, when now we say that your actions of '61-'65 speak louder (and longer) than your words of April 24, 1898.

Many of our good-byes were said Monday evening, for we had a general idea that we would leave Davenport within the next twelve hours. Of course, many of these good-byes did not prove final, for our friends and relatives visited us in Des Moines, and then we passed through Davenport on our way south. But these first good-byes were trying enough to many a mother. Monday night we did not sleep



OUR FIRST COOK SHACK.



THE THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE KITCHEN.

much. A false alarm was spread that we would leave at 3 in the morning, and in consequence we had knapsacks packed and blankets rolled, and were in hourly expectation of orders to fall in and board the train,—a movement we had rehearsed in the armory by means of chairs arranged like car seats. At last, however, we were assured that we could not leave till 8 o'clock the next morning, and snatched a brief nap before the dawn.

After a 6 o'clock breakfast Tuesday morning,—the last meal we were to eat as separate individuals,—we reassembled and again made all preparations for the start. Company L of Maquoketa, afterward camped near us in the Forty-ninth Iowa at Jacksonville, came marching up Main street to the armory a little after 8. They shared in the rousing farewell which Davenport gave her soldiers that Tuesday morning. The old company of forty odd men, as it appears in the well known picture taken on the court house steps, marched through the crowded business streets before boarding the train. The Second Regiment band was going too, and they headed us in the parade. Business and bunting were suspended everywhere; the schools poured forth their swarms to see us go.

Doubtless every one in the company felt heroic thrills and shivers chasing up and down his spine, as the band played proud music, and his feet fell in cadence on the pavement, and his rifle barrel aligned itself with those of his comrades, and people cheered and waved, and friends caught sight of him and shouted his name. As we look back on it, it seems strange,—that war fever which possessed the nation. But there was no doubt about its existence then; it was a spirit that fired every soldier's heart with the strength of sympathetic thousands who remained at home. It was redeemed from being merely theatrical by the faces of mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, among the merely interested thousands of the crowd. And who can say that such a mighty expression of enthusiasm does not fill a man with courage to die rather than disappoint the hopes his fellow-citizens have formed of him? At any rate, no one who wore the blue that day, and felt the enthusiasm of that great mass of people, can ever forget it, or remember it without a thrill. And of some things there that day we do not speak; they are not for speech.

When we got aboard the train for Des Moines, and pulled slowly out, there was barely room in Fifth street for the train to pass through the crowd. Pavements, sidewalks, windows, roofs, sheds, car-tops and

wood piles, were so densely packed with people that you couldn't see a square foot of the horizontal surface. Tommy Owens said there wasn't room for a cat.

Our train picked up Company C of Muscatine at Wilton and Company I at Iowa City. There the students and faculty of the University were at the station, Company I being escorted to the train by the S. U. I. battalion, which had volunteered, as a body, its services for the war, without, however, having them accepted. "K" joined us at Grinnell, and a fragment of "L" at Newton. "L" was afterward recruited up from all over the state. The six companies reached Des Moines about 3 in the afternoon, and went into camp in the booths under the amphitheatre. Under the guidance of our ex-regular sergeants, Roe and McBurney, Company B soon had quarters that were the model of all the four regiments. The company kitchen was set up across the race track, and "Butch" Siegrist was installed in the most important office in the company, that of cook. Privates Willey and Young were the first of that noble line of cooks' police, who hewed wood, drew water, built fires, ladled out slumgullion, stood guard over artillery pie, washed dishes and scraped skillets. Three days later Privates Pfabe and Alford got the first red ink kitchen police, which after all differs very little from black ink kitchen police. When you get red ink kitchen police you have the unselfish pleasure of feeling that you are doing some other fellow's work for him.

After a very early breakfast Tuesday morning, a dinner consisting of a corned beef sandwich on the train, and the work of making camp, which included the toting of the villainously heavy mess chests, we were very ready for our first regular supper at 7 o'clock. The company fell in single file, marched over to the kitchen, and every man, taking his tin plate of bacon and baked potato, his slab of soft bread and his cup of coffee, sat down on the grass and made a meal fit for a king. Our satisfaction was meanly increased when we saw less efficient mess sergeants than ours still struggling with camp stoves and uncooked rations, while their hungry companies rabbled around and made impolite remarks. Sergeant Roe chuckled with grim satisfaction to see how we rookies filed out there and took our soldier grub and liked it.

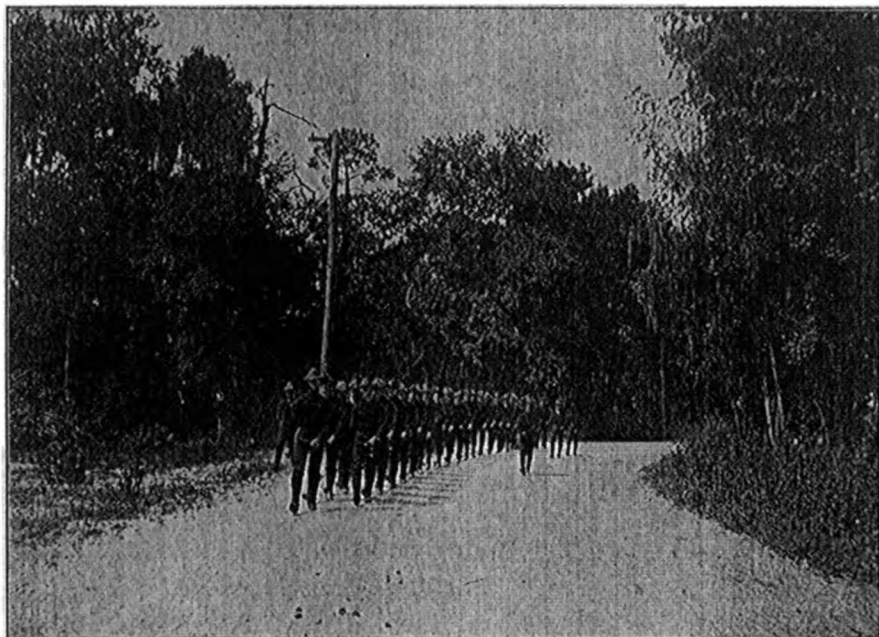
While we were sitting there an important young officer of the Third strolled up, and approvingly noted our *cuisine*. He was a good officer, and stood up to his uniform with soldierly dignity. A private

of Company B, who happened to be an old college chum of this officer, was standing up with a cup of coffee in one hand and a gigantic bacon sandwich in the other. Naturally he didn't salute his superior officer. He just yelled out at twenty yards, "Hello Johnnie! How are you, old chap? Glad to see you! Come over here!" The officer looked as though he'd been caught doing something wrong, but friendship overcame chargin and military etiquette. He obeyed the private's orders and came. A month later disciplined instinct would have made the thing impossible to both private and officer.

Wednesday morning Company B sent out Privates Miner, Greene and Parker II as its first guard detail. You could pick a "B" man on guard mount at a hundred yards. There were regularly two orderlies a day from each regiment; one for the colonel, and one for General Lincoln, the camp commandant. On Wednesday but one orderly was chosen, and that one was Private Miner of B company. History repeated itself on almost every guard mount in Des Moines. Company B "got both orderlies," which phrase came with almost as much regularity as breakfast. If some other company got an orderly one of our men would challenge Adjutant Goedecke's selection, and usually win out in competitive drill. One morning "Doc" Hoag ran against a man fresh from three years in Uncle Sam's regular infantry. The regular was chosen for orderly. Doc challenged, and in the ensuing competitive drill, in the bayonet exercise, the regular's bayonet fell off, and Doc won. We couldn't lose.

From the beginning Company B was systematically trained for endurance. At Des Moines we were "hardened" as was no other company in the four regiments. Every morning, before breakfast, the company was lined up for trunk, leg, arm, hand and foot exercises. After that we had three or four minutes of double time, and this was gradually increased to seven or eight minutes. Most of us got so that we could do our mile without puffing. Of course we thought this "wind" was going to be used in chasing routed Spaniards. By the end of three weeks in Des Moines we were physically in beautiful shape for a fight. Uncle Sam should have given the Spanish army free transportation to Iowa and turned us loose on it in a nice clean country. We all had colds on account of the wet, chilly weather, and although a mile run before breakfast is rather an heroic remedy, it does cut the phlegm out of one's lungs.

General Lincoln, who impressed us as the pattern of a soldier, gave us a good deal more division drill than we afterward got in the South. He handled the four regiments together as they would have been handled in battle, and it was sometimes pretty rough on the companies which hadn't been training in double time. One day he marched the division out of camp in column of fours, and then took the road to the east, up a sandy hill. Far out in advance and on the flanks were the scouts, then came the point, flankers, advance, support, and reserve of the advance guard, and then, with an interval of several hundred yards, the main body. It gave us a vivid idea of how a great army goes forward, feeling for its enemy. The four thousand men were like one great beautiful creature, its scouts and flankers were as tentacles and feelers, carrying back intelligence to the brain. And the brain was the square-shouldered, square-jawed man at the head of the main body, who sat his horse superbly, had quick eyes, firm lips, and few words, which made men jump in obedience. We realized for the first time, and as we never afterward had a chance to realize, the force of Napoleon's preference for an "army of sheep led by a lion" to "an army of lions led by a sheep." The division went cautiously up the road, through the steep and narrow cut in the crest of the clay hill. The enemy ought to have been right there on that commanding crest, but he wasn't. If he had been, we'd have gone at him in line instead of column. The column wound up through the hilly country for two or three miles. The road was beautifully wooded, the leaves made for the earth a garment of delicious green, the wild crabapple and cherry blossoms gave to the eye and lungs their perfect lines and fragrance. In route step the long, blue column, bristling and glistening with rifle barrels, went down a long hill, crossed a lovely stream over a bridge flanked with great elms, and up the other hill. Looking back from the crest of this second hill we saw a mile of blue-shirted soldiers in column of fours between the green woods each side the road. A light shower had fallen and turned the road-bed brown. When three or four thousand men passed over that bed they wore four hard, dry, light-yellow paths, side by side, with untouched strips of wet brown between. From the crest of the third hill, looking back we saw this beautiful color effect. The rest of that march, however, we didn't have much time to admire color effects. The sound of firing came back faintly from the front, and our part of the column took the double time up hill and down dale. Particularly up hill. Some say



ON A TEN MILE HIKE



AT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

we "double-timed" three miles, and it did feel like it. Men dropped out right and left. Company B lost but two or three men, and these were afterward thrown out on physical examination. After puffing up the last hill (the attraction of gravitation is a cruel thing sometimes) we didn't have much ginger left. But the firing was very loud now; we saw the spurts of flame-lit smoke ahead and to our right in a wooded hollow across a bit of green pasture land. The smell of gun powder came to our noses; men who were staggering whiffed it, forgot they were out of breath, and instinctively lengthened the step to get there quicker. Our battalion swung over that pasture and formed line as though we had just begun to take the double time. That sprint, with the queer exhilaration of "smelling powder," gave us a better idea of actual warfare than anything else in our seven months' service.

It rained on that march. We manoeuvred and lay on the crest of a plowed field, and woe to the man who refused to lie down in the mud! The enemy's bullets were supposed to be whizzing over us. If they really had been, we would no doubt have been less reluctant to snuggle down in the mud. General Lincoln seemed to see exactly what every man in the division was doing. To us, the country being broken, it looked at times rather scattered and hap-hazard, but every battalion had its movements precisely outlined. To the general it was all as clean-cut as checkers.

This particular drill came well along in May, but it is spoken of here as typical of the kind of work we were doing in Des Moines.

On Sunday, May 1, 1898, while Dewey was smashing Montojo's squadron half a world away, we were receiving visitors from Davenport. An excursion came out, bringing friends and relatives, and "they certainly were good to us." The ladies of Des Moines gave the men a chicken dinner that evening, and Company B was served by the girls of the Salvation army. In order not to shock the spiritual warriors, every fellow was obliged to exercise a censorship over his remarks. The boys succeeded so well that they won a reputation for piety,—a hard thing for a Davenport to achieve in the godly interior of the state.

The two batteries of light artillery which, under the president's call, had been designated as part of Iowa's quota, were now thrown out, and a regiment of infantry was substituted, in order to give all four regiments of the Guard a chance to serve Uncle Sam. There had been great rivalry and much discussion, half a dozen plans and a great

deal of politics, much pulling of wires and a speech by Governor Shaw to the men, and still things were as far as ever from solution. But Saturday, the war department consented to receive four infantry regiments of eight hundred men each. Every one was happy, except the men of the batteries. They came trooping down to supper, from the exposition building on the hill, with improvised red stripes and chevrons pinned on their civilian coats and trousers. From the flag-staff of their building, at half staff in the sunset light, flew their flag, an immense red table cloth.

Monday, when the third battalion of the Second moved into the commodious quarters of the ex-artillery men, we found written on the walls, "Batteries A and B, Iowa light artillery. All shot to h—l, April 30th, 1898."

Our battalion was moved into the exposition building in order to give more room for the new men coming in to fill the companies of the regiments. We went to Des Moines on a peace footing of forty-five men, and in order to fill Iowa's quota it was necessary to have companies of sixty seven. So Monday afternoon we greeted the first rookies from Davenport—Kulp, VanPatten, Busch, "Pete" Smith, Strasser, Reupke, Verner, Wohler, Rosche, Bruhn, Lepper, Schick, Spelletich, Glaspell, Warner, Speth, Weiss, and Walter Kunkel. The last named aspirant for military glory raised a roar at supper. I don't know just why, but believe he wanted china dishes and a napkin, and a silver spoon. Unfortunately our rations did not include Mellin's food. That night he wanted Uncle Sam to give him a night gown, sheets, and mattress. We don't know whether he wanted a valet to undress him and put him to bed. He needed somebody. Captain Dalzell, however, trusted him to find his way back to Davenport alone the next day, and never having heard that he didn't arrive safely, we will assume that he did. Strasser, Glaspell, Reupke, Verner and Warner stayed with us until the physical examination of May 14th. They acted well and we lost them regretfully. The others made excellent soldiers, Speth becoming wagoner, and Billy Weiss, the most efficient of our company cooks, finally being made corporal in charge of the kitchen.

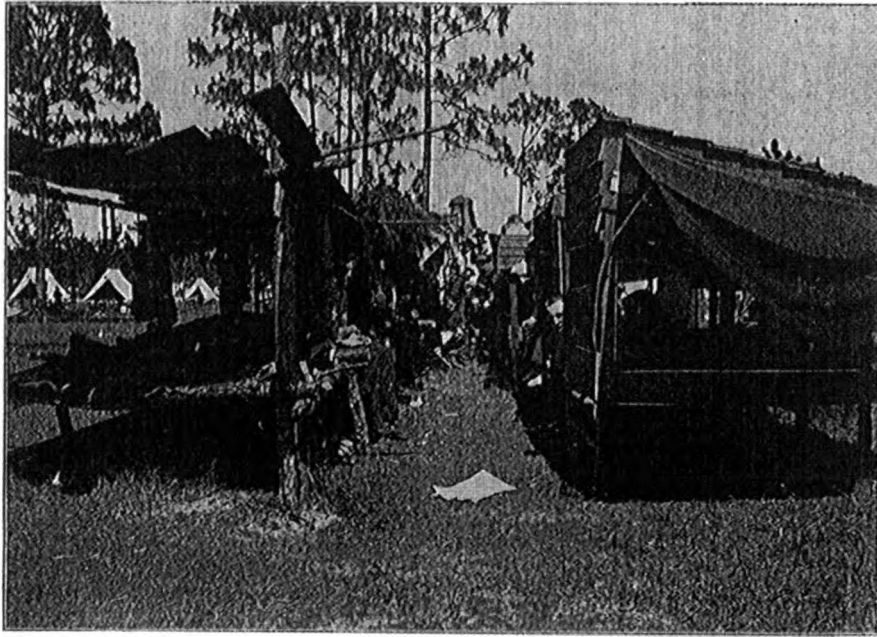
The day we reached the exposition building three privates of Company B received a new honor. Ackley, Bowman and Barmettler were detailed as toilet watch. The office was abolished the next day, so these men were the only ones to hold it during the Spanish-American war. Ackley was afterward reduced from toilet watch to company

artificer. A man named Caldwell, who had been enlisted a few days before, was discharged on the third. He may have been all right, but his looks made Sergeant Roe count the company spoons.

On the sixth, Stebens went on special duty as cook, holding the place until the twenty-seventh. On the seventh, Cook went on special duty as drum-major. He continued to act until the fourteenth, when, thanks to Drum-Major Lembrecht, the band was broken up, and the Fiftieth Iowa lost the inspiration of their superb music. Those days in Des Moines we thought we were going out to fight, and some of us to die in battle. And in those days, on guard mount and parade, the music of the old Second Regiment band talked to us proudly and solemnly, and told us to be brave and do our duty, in spite of Spain and hell, and said that life was beautiful, but also that death was just as beautiful as life, when it came to a soldier and he met it as he ought. And we believed what the music said, and it made those first days of the war ideal days, bright with promise of action, and honor, and adventure, and strenuous life. It is not true, however, that he did not count the cost. We knew perfectly that we should sleep in the wet, toil in sun and rain, and eat coarse food. We were prepared for these things, and for things far worse, if they should come. With open eyes, the whole thing was a glory,—hardship, danger and all,—for the thing was life,—life of hard limbs, sound lungs, clear eyes,—athletic, dangerous, fascinating life. We were going out to work for this big country. In spite of the gilded talk about the war for humanity's sake, the men in the ranks were themselves human; they were angry, and they wanted to thrash the treacherous people who had murdered the sailors of the Maine. To our soldiers and sailors it was a war of revenge, and they don't care who knows it. They were also sorry for the reconcentrados and meant, if possible, to strike a lick or two for them.

On the thirteenth of May came the long dreaded physical examination. The men who thought they were under weight drank a couple of gallons of water apiece and "scrooched" when they came to be measured. One man got hold of the oculist's chart and learned it before he went in. Another, a little deaf, averred that he could hear a watch ticking behind the surgeon's back. Unfortunately it was a stop watch and not at that time ticking. So he was one of the fourteen men at first thrown out of Company B. One of our men tried the examination a second time the next day, and made it; another got another

man who had already passed, who had a similar general description, to be examined for him. Sharpe, worthy of his name, had a fast heart and slowed it up with about fifty drops of digitalis. Most everybody had varicose veins and varicocoele, but light causes did not throw a man out. When that examination was over, we counted up our losses as we would have done after a battle. The severest loss, and as we felt an unjust one, was that of Captain Tom, himself. He, the wiriest and most tireless of us all, was under weight. Influential Davenporters got this news by telegraph, and forthwith deluged Senator Allison with telegrams asking him to "see the secretary of war and secure an exception in favor of Captain Dalzell, on account of his splendid work at the head of the company, and his otherwise perfect physical condition." The next day this answer came to "Hon. Geo. T. Baker, mayor, and others: Dalzell matter satisfactorily arranged." Then Lieutenant Neungarden, conducting the physical examinations, received telegraphic orders from the secretary of war to "commission Thomas C. Dalzell captain of Company B, Fiftieth regiment infantry, Iowa volunteers, regardless of weight." The U. S. officers raised their eyebrows and realized that we were somebody. Thus the greatest possible misfortune that could have overtaken the company was averted. Davenport, not for the last time, earned the gratitude of the whole regiment for, in consequence of this action, the under and over weight clause was quietly dropped from the physical requirements as to commissioned officers. When the smoke finally cleared away after this examination, we had lost ten men instead of fourteen. The rejected were Sergeant Main, Privates Carson, Claussen, Jucksch, Lapitz, Young, Grupe, Bischoff, Glaspell and Wallace. Jimmie Carson, however, wouldn't give up. He stowed himself away on the train south, and, after doing all kinds of work for the company, finally passed the examination in Jacksonville, was enlisted, and became one of the best corporals in Company B. These ten men were discharged on the fourteenth, the day after the examination. Hansen was discharged on the sixteenth. Barmettler and Watkins passed the physical examination and refused to be mustered into the United States service. They were discharged from the Iowa National Guard the same day as the ten rejected men. Watkins, who was married just before the company left Davenport, may possibly have had good reason for what he did. Barmettler, therefore, is the only man, of or connected with, Company B who showed a nice, clean, white feather at the prospect of fighting Spain.



HOGAN'S ALLEY UP TO DATE.



AFTER DRILL.

The next day, Sunday the fifteenth of May, has far pleasanter recollections. After the examination, it was known that the regiment would soon be mustered into the United States service and leave Des Moines. So nearly every man's mother and sisters and sweethearts* came out to spend Sunday with him. Excursion trains from Davenport came out laden with the dearest and prettiest women in the world, and (incidentally) with some rattling good things to eat. Leave was easy to get that afternoon and evening, and few of us there were who didn't take it. Back of camp the woods were full of us, Lives there a man with soul so dead that he didn't say to himself that day, "This is worth getting shot for?" A Company B party of a dozen or more took supper at the Savery Hotel that evening, and after taps there was some very scientific guard-running. Mac pulled Van and Kulp through the guard line.

"Halt, Who's there?" said the sentry.

"General officer," remarked the lieutenant,—“Don't you know better than to stop a general officer under escort?” So the sentry wilted, while the “general officer” and his escort passed on. It is not possible now to speak properly of the anxiety at that time of those who loved us. We can only touch the lighter side of things. We ate supper until the Savery waiters said the kitchen was empty of everything edible.

On Monday, the sixteenth, there were some necessary changes and promotions among the non-commissioned officers and privates. Sergeant Burmeister being appointed quartermaster-sergeant, and Sergeant Main having dropped out in the physical examination, Corporals Leonardy and Schmidt were made sergeants. There being approximately one corporal to every seven privates, the increase of the company from a total of forty-five to a total of sixty-seven necessitated six corporals instead of four. Privates Greene, Parker II, Taylor and Miner were therefore promoted to be corporals, and were therefore obeyed and respected accordingly.

That afternoon, the Des Moines branch of the Sons of the Revolution presented to the regiment a beautiful silk battle-flag. We were not really mustered into the United States service until the following day, but the flag bore on its blue folds not the name of the old Second Regiment I. N. G., but the name of Uncle Sam's regiment, the Fiftieth

*The plural here is a typographical error which was earnestly pointed out by Alfred Van Patten too late for correction. John Chambers also denies it.

regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry, which, strictly, was not in being until after the formal muster-in. The flag was none the less beautiful as the committee of the Sons of the Revolution presented it to our Sergeant McBurney, who had been detailed as color bearer of the new regiment. Company C escorted the colors to Company B, now the color company of the regiment. The honor had fallen by good luck to the best company, for after Major Caughlan's election our battalion had changed rank and number from Third to Second, placing it in the center of the regiment. Company B was the right center company of the battalion, and therefore we took care of the colors.

Captain Dalzell's action in declining nomination as major, because he wanted to stick by the company is characteristic of his steady devotion to our interests.

On the seventeenth, the regiment was mustered into United States service. Company B should have been the second company in, but George Martin was down town and we had to stand around and see Companies C and D precede us. George was expecting to get back in time for drill, and had not the muster-in turned up, no questions would have been asked, as he had not missed any roll call or check. But when at last he hove in sight about 2 o'clock, a good many questions were asked, by every man in the company, and in most vigorous language. George is a popular fellow, but never in all his life did he get so warm a reception as he got that afternoon. He had time to think it over doing red-ink kitchen police.

It was rather impressive, when, after muster-roll was verified, we all held up our hands and Captain Olmstead pronounced the words of the oath that bound us. "I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the president of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War."

Very short and simple, that, but these same Rules and Articles of War are neither short nor simple, and it takes strong virtues to obey them. If a man hasn't those virtues when he joins the army, *he gets them*. He has to. The ceremony over, we marched down out of the large pavilion-like Power hall where it took place. We were State militia no longer, but United States Volunteers. As we passed in route step the companies not yet mustered in, we scoffed at them, and

called them militia, and invited their attention to the fact that we belonged to a higher grade than they, and pointed out that they were honored in being allowed even to speak to us.

Friday, the twentieth, was our last day at Camp McKinley, and glad we were it was so. We wanted to get south, and we wanted to get away from Des Moines, which struck us as being about the coldest blooded place we had ever seen. Patriotic individuals there naturally were, and Company B is glad to express to them its gratitude; but in contrast with our home-town,—warm-hearted old Davenport,—Des Moines is a selfish iceberg. Few icebergs *are* remarkable for unselfishness.

We fell in for most everything that day. We fell in for pay—not unwillingly. We were tremendously rained on while lined up for pay, but we felt that our ducking was in a worthy cause, and nobody wanted to fall out. We fell in to hear the Articles of War read, and tried to remember for what things “the punishment shall be death, or such other penalty as a court martial may direct.” We fell in for equipment, each man drawing underwear, woolen socks, shoes, blue shirts, leggings, and campaign hats. We fell into the mud, and what with pay, and orders to move on the morrow, we fell finally into a good humor that nothing could make us fall out of. If somebody told you he was going to beat your eyeballs in with a mallet you just smiled at him benignly. In the evening you went down town and smiled several times. To be sure you did a little perfunctory grumbling because the state didn’t pay you state pay—which for enlisted men is twice as much as government pay,—but on the whole you were deeply and solidly contented.

Next morning we were up bright and early, and after breakfast each man threw away about half his duds and packed the essentials in his blanket roll. We had turned in our knapsacks, and were glad of it. The weight of a blanket roll exerts pressure straight downward and is so distributed that you hardly feel it. We had to smile at the scribe who wrote so naively for his paper, “they carried their blankets”—serenely ignorant that those horse-shoe shaped rolls were our trunks, containing soap, towels, tooth-brush, blue shirt, underclothing, stockings, shoes, blouse, writing material, etc.

When at last, after the cooks and kitchen police had packed the mess-chests, and another detail the ammunition and other company effects, and the wagons lumbered off with them down to the tracks, the order came to fall in. It was very simple—just like any other forma-

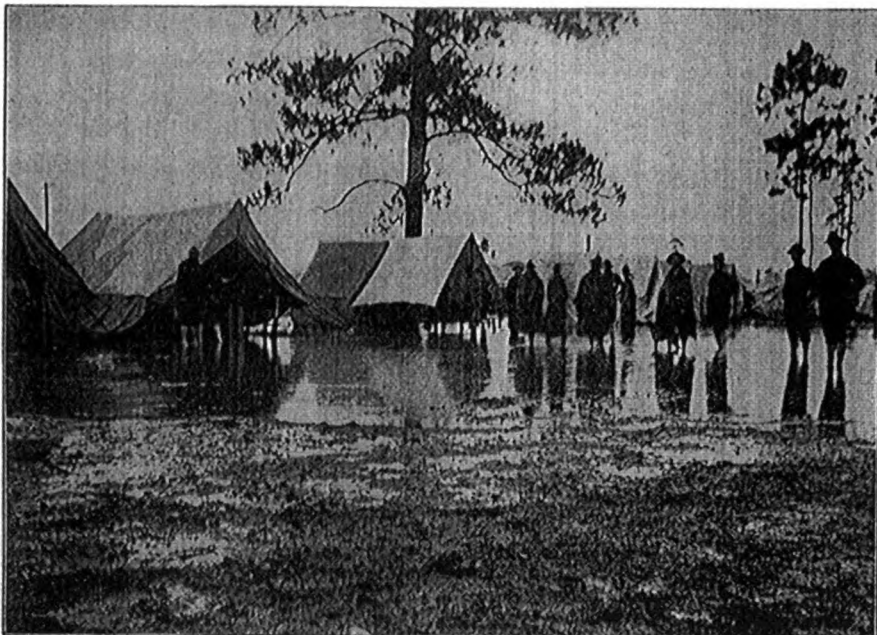
tion, except that we were in heavy instead of light marching order. While the roll was being called in front of the exposition building Billy Weiss, who wasn't feeling well, fainted and was carried back into the building. He was soon all right however, and at secure arms, in a brisk shower, we marched down the hill past the old Fourth, then quartered in the horse barns. The Fourth formed line and presented arms to our column. The shower ceased, a splendid rainbow appeared in the west, and we took it for a good omen. We then halted and rested in place, supporting the rifle butts on our toes to keep them out of the mud, while we waited for our cars to be backed in. This gave us a good chance to say good-bye to our friends of the Fourth. Naturally they were jealous, for our orders were for Tampa, and the chances looked good for our striking the Cuban coast as soon as the regulars themselves. We were the senior regiment, and were therefore given the first chance. When at last the cars were ready for us it took a good while to load and stow the company baggage—the mess chests, quartermaster's chest, officers' trunks, first sergeant's desk, etc. It was a busy day for the baggage detail, composed of Sergeant Burmeister, Privates Kulp, Ackley, Sharpe and Smith. Then there was a good deal of miscellaneous delay,—backing and filling of day-coaches and baggage coaches and engines, so that it was 12 o'clock or so when we got away from Des Moines.

Telegrams had been sent on to Davenport, and since Friday morning the people there had been busy preparing that royal reception of May 21, which no man of the Second battalion will ever forget. The train swung through the deep cut in the hills about half past 4, and dear old Davenport burst on our eyes for the last time in many a day.

Everyone in town must have been on Fifth street. Squads of men, women and children cheered us all along the line. Four or five blocks from the armory the crowd grew dense, and the train moved slowly. Companies C, D and M looked wonderingly at the excited, eager throng. They were expecting in Davenport to look at happiness through another company's eyes. When they received the order to dismount, enter the armory, and be fed, they obeyed with alacrity, and murmured, "verily, these people are the real thing!" The multitude was fed, and lo, there remained after the feast as many basketfuls as there were men. Muscatine people had come up to feed Company C, thinking that Davenport would care only for her own. When they saw bountiful tables spread for the whole battalion, they saw that this



THE KITCHEN AFTER A CLOUD BURST.



REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS AFTER A SHOWER

thing had been quietly done by people whose hearts were richer than rubies and fine gold. Every man's relatives and closest friends were inside the armory, where, after a tight squeeze from the train to the door, we all were welcomed. We were petted, and what of it? We didn't get too much petting in camp; we would have got none too much in Cuba, where chances seemed at least even that we were going. No man there would have fought better or endured hardship better had we been sent off coldly with no sign of loving appreciation of our city. At the time we received that lavish hospitality we did not have time to think, in the whirl of hand-clasps and sandwiches, pies and hugs, coffee and greetings, tobacco and good wishes, pickles and kisses, that were rained upon us. We did not know, till we got the Davenport papers, just what people had done the hard work of preparing that dainty dinner and the dainty travel rations they sent with us. Mayor Baker, Mr. Judy, W. D. Petersen, S. F. Smith, W. J. McCullough, B. F. Tillinghast, C. A. Ficke, "Vinegar" Smith, Col. McManus, Nath. French, J. B. Meyer, Major Marks, Chas. N. Voss, George Metzger, A. W. VanderVeer, The Daughters of the Revolution, the members of the Women's Relief Corps of the Grand Army post, relatives and friends of the boys among the women, The Davenport Lodge of Elks, Hal Decker, Will Altman, Van Patten & Marks, J. H. Skelly, Otto Albrecht, Beiderbecke & Miller, the W. A. O. Market, The Fair, John McSteen, Henry Kohrs, Haase Bros., George W. Cable, Ferd. Roddewig's Sons, and dozens of others,—all came in for their share of gratitude; all contributed their quota toward that superb exhibition of public spirit. The big, warm heart of the city seemed to express itself through the men and women who did the work, and work of that kind, taking shape in the Patriotic Relief association, continued throughout the war.

Everybody was a little hysterical that day, and doubtless did and said things that seem unaccountable when looked back upon in cold blood. But there were no discreditable things said or done;—our parting this time was sharp, quick and for sure,—the pain was properly faced by the women. Coming out of the armory, loaded down with three days' provisions apiece, we found the crowd unscattered by the brisk shower which had passed. Boarding our train, catching a last glimpse of a dear face, craning from window and platform, we pulled slowly eastward, past Brady, Perry and the station, and out upon the bridge. The impressive thing was the silence of the crowd. A rainbow spanned the east, as in the morning one had spanned the west;

we seemed traveling out from the arch of one into the arch of the other. With roses in our hats and on our breasts, our train like a bower, and bugles blowing good-bye, out over the bridge went the Second battalion. That day had more true life packed into it than an ordinary year. We had really lived, and as we sat and thought it all over, every man quietly felt that he was doing the one true thing. The discontent of youth had vanished, and in its place came the ennobling feeling that Destiny was going to give us a chance to do something worth doing. Many a man silently wondered, I suppose, if he would ever see the great river and her citted hills again. A few of us did not. Most of us felt that a good fight and an athletic death was not a bad thing, but each really expected something better—a safe return—at least we told our folks so. To die gaily and with glory, however, was better luck than four of our poor fellows had.

The battalion reached Chicago sometime after midnight, and for thirty-six hours, side-tracked beside the Chicago river in day coaches, it waited for the old Pullman cars which were to take it south. Major Tillie, Sunday afternoon, took the companies out for a walk, without arms, through the streets, and naturally the soldiers attracted a good deal of attention. Very strict guard was kept on Sunday and Sunday night, and very few men succeed in running the guard. Three or four men climbed up on top of the passenger coaches and got through in that manner. The foxy baggage detail persuaded the sentinels that they themselves were guarding their freight cars. They explained that they were obliged to go constantly in and out from their cars to the rest of the train. Then the posts up and down beside the cars were arranged so as to let the baggage detail do its own guarding. They were all there for breakfast, anyhow. A circus train stopped on the track next to us for an hour or two. Some of the boys gave an elephant a beer bottle full of liquid which the elephant didn't like. So instead of drinking it, he squirted it all over Fred Vollmer. The train was surrounded Sunday and Sunday evening by a great crowd of women, some of them respectable, and through windows and over well guarded car platforms they heard and made rapid love. There were provocation and repartee and guffaw, giving of addresses, squeezing of hands, and ardent glances. When, at 1:30 Monday afternoon, the whistle blew, and the Pullman train, to which the battalion had been transferred, started slowly out, one of the fellows of B company crying, "come and shake hands good-bye!" leaned from the window, pulled up

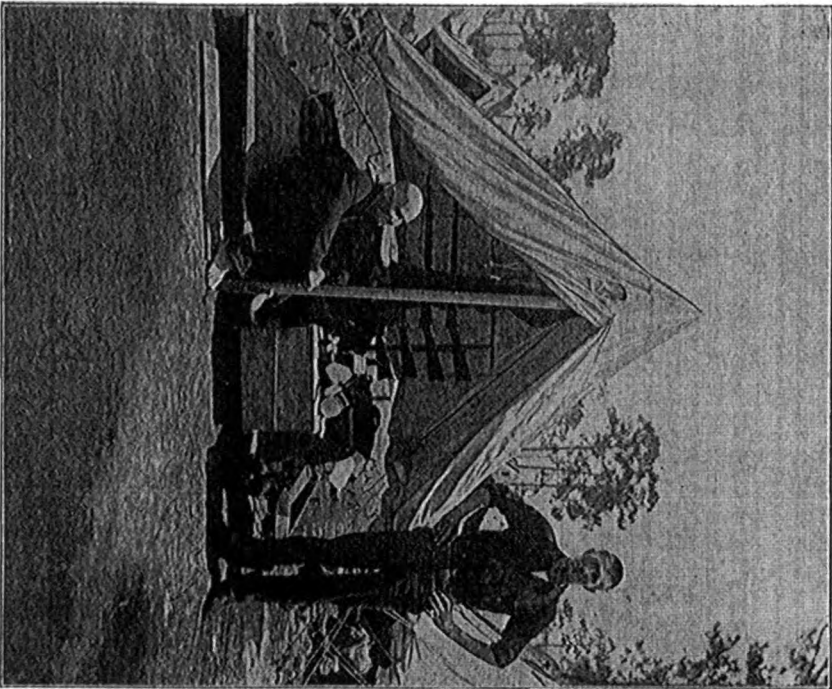
from the ground and fervently kissed a buxom damsel, while her heels and hosiery dangled blithely in mid-air. From the train windows there came a chorus of soldier raillery,—“ Warm baby!” “ Don’t let her drop!” “ Look at Andy!” “ Take her to Tampa!” “ Great and only performance on the flying trapeze!” “ Conductor, here’s a lady stealing a ride!” “ The girl he didn’t leave behind him!” The train moved more rapidly, and Andy reluctantly released his fair prisoner. As she reached the ground, there was a chorus of “ Oh’s,” and Koch, the company ringmaster, announced “ the great and only parachute drop.” The men expressed their regret at her abrupt departure, while the permanently blushing damsel waved good-bye and said she was sorry too.

Through the towns and villages of Indiana, along the Monon route, the battalion had a continuous ovation, culminating at the pretty college town of LaFayette, the home of General Wallace. Reaching LaFayette about half past five Monday afternoon, we stopped for coffee; and about eight thousand people did everything that hospitable people could do in half an hour. Every soldier who, for any reason, stepped off the train, was escorted up to a kind of club-room where there were many kegs and kind words. The best girls in town begged buttons and got them, and Billy Weiss’s friends there loaded him with cigars and good wishes. Always excepting Davenport, the magnanimous, LaFayette was the best town we saw, from Des Moines to Jacksonville inclusive. We were unfortunate in going through the larger places on the Southern railroad at night, so only the men on guard saw anything at all of Louisville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta. The way that engineer jerked the train through the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee was a caution. Tunnels and trestles and curves and high embankments went spinning back under us, till the men in the two freight cars swore their wheels touched the track only once a minute. They touched hard enough then to make up, however, so it wasn’t wholly like riding through the downy air. Monday night, the men on guard were issued ammunition for the first time, and the old Springfield chambers felt the kiss of ball cartridges. There were rumors of Spanish spies and sympathizers attempting to do to Uncle Sam’s soldiers en route what they had done to the sailors of the Maine. It was doubtless just a cock-and-bull story, but the sentinels were delightfully busy looking for men with dynamite sticks, and they had orders to shoot, if anyone came within ten feet of the tracks and did not immedi-

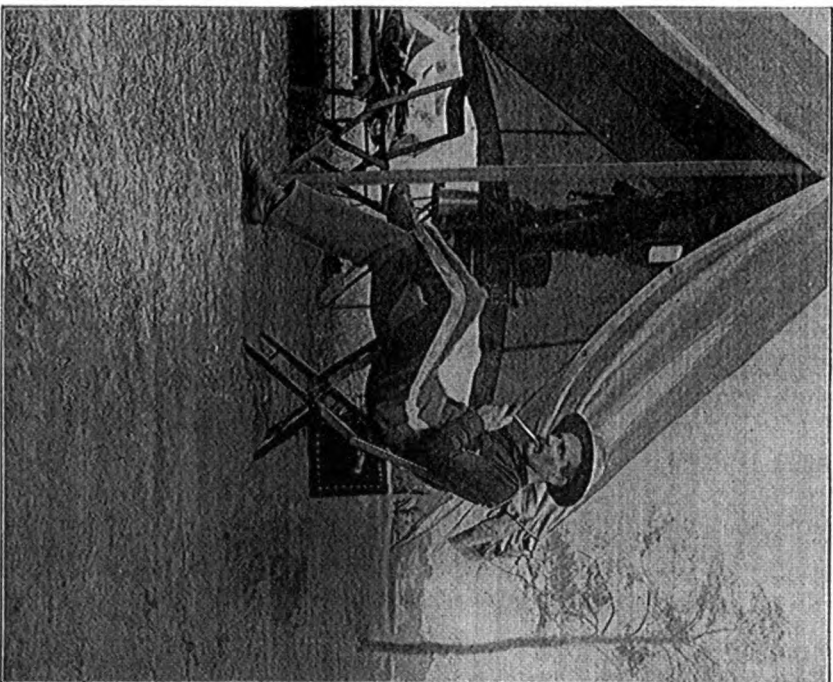
ately withdraw when ordered. It was, no doubt, a very unnecessary precaution, but it gave everybody a delicious sense of danger, and the sentries felt like the real thing. At this time began the small boy's incessant plea,—“Give me a bullet,”—which is the small boy word for cartridge. The ride down was hardly monotonous at all, for there was much to see, and there was the inspiring idea that we were getting straight to the front, en route to Cuba. We saw some fine old mansions, but the mountain belt of Kentucky and Tennessee seemed to be mostly inhabited by cabins, niggers, whitewash, mules and razor-backed hogs. Ackley tried to catch a razor-back to shave himself with. We all needed a shave and a bath, and Tuesday afternoon we had the latter. Major Tillie took advantage of a two-hour stop at Harriman junction, and ordered the battalion into the Emery river. It was a clear, swirling stream, at the base of a pine-clad mountain. The water, transparent and blue as the sky, was whitened with the gleam of three hundred lithe young bodies. Too bad there weren't Filipinos on the other bank.

This side of Chattanooga the battalion picked up a soldier, who proved to be a deserter from a New York regiment. He was held, constantly guarded, for three weeks, and was then released, for lack of specific charges on the part of his officers.

Wednesday morning, we were in Georgia—sparsely settled, impoverished Georgia, with her dark-red, melancholy soil and scrubby forests, her huge, white blossoms swaying indolently in cabin dooryards,—where people have nothing to do and a life-time to do it in. We stopped early in the morning in a village called Lumber City, for setting-up exercises and a march through the streets. We were feeling the unwonted southern heat a good deal, after the cold, wet spring in Des Moines. There was a good artesian well at one house, and the owner talked pleasantly. As B company swung cheerfully down one of the grass-grown streets we saw a sour-faced, crabbed old codger sitting on his front porch. We were in route step, but, as usual, ten or twelve blithe whistlers were rattling a lively tune to which our column marched. At first the old codger on his front porch looked at Uncle Sam's blue uniforms with no kindly eyes, but the tune we whistled was “Dixie,” and he pricked up his ears. Passing just beyond the yard, the column swung about by fours and came back. The old fellow saw us returning. He shuffled his slippered feet down the gravel walk from porch to gate, and, as we shot past, Dixie was too much for



OUR REGIMENTAL COBBLER.



CAPT. TOM AT EASE.

him—his confederate heart melted, and thirty-five years of pent-up hatred broke down. Then and there he was reconstructed, and gave us his hearty benediction—"Go 'long ye whole-souled critters; go 'long!"

About 11 o'clock, the train slid up to the village station of Graham, Georgia, and stopped, waiting for a north-bound freight to pass. Through the level line of car windows quickly bulged the small letter battalion,—blue-shirted chests and arms, gray hats and eager faces. B company looked out upon a girl. There were other folks there, but B company didn't see them. The girl wore a calico dress, but was herself "finer than silk." She had a broad, tri-colored ribbon in her hands. Murmurs of approval rang along the line. "Whew!" "Hot Stuff!" "There's my girl!"

"Won't you give me that?" asked a sergeant—"that ribbon?"

"I cannot give you that," said she, gravely. "A soldier gave it to me." Her voice wrought a quick change of tone in most of the men, but the irrepressible Andy, who had kissed the dangling damsel, asked flirtatiously, "Won't you shake hands with me?"

"With a soldier, always," she replied instantly, and, stepping near the window as she spoke, she gave her hand to Andy, and looked at him with frank, kindly eyes. He didn't feel much like picking *this* girl up, and if he had the others would have given him—never mind. There was a little stir of applause.

"You seem to think highly of a soldier," said some one.

"My father was a soldier," she replied. Her eyes turned to a tall stoop-shouldered man in his shirt sleeves. He had a pale beard and gentle eyes.

"Yes," said he quietly, "I fought fo' yeahs against those blue suits of yuahs. But that's all ovah now—that is all ovah."

"It must be hard to forget, eh?" asked one of the boys sympathetically,

"We can't forget,—we forgive though." The old Georgian and the young Iowan shook hands and liked each other.

"Won't you tell me your name?" said H——, who wasn't interested in the old man.

"Yes indeed. Mattie Burney is my name."

"Mine's ———, Company B, Fiftieth Iowa Volunteer Infantry," said Sergeant ———. "Here I'll write it for you." He tore off the stiff back of a cigarette package, wrote and handed it to her.

"So you-all are from Iowa," she mused.

"Oh, Miss Burney," called Private C——, "we must have something to remember you by. Can't you give me something—anything? Here's a cartridge to remember C——; that's me."

"I do wish I had something. I would give it so gladly. If I had known yo' all were comin' I would have had something. And I would have worn a prettier dress."

"Give me that ribbon," coaxed A, "come on."

"Oh no; not that. I will keep that always. It was given to me by a soldier who went through heah yesterday. He would not like it."

"Company B envies him," said C. "I wish we had something worth giving you for you to keep always."

"I thank Company B," she said sweetly, "I shall always keep—the memory of you-all."

Her voice had the languorous, unconscious grace of the South. Her manners were charming. This country girl in her calico dress seemed to have inherited some courtly tradition of kind and lovely breeding.

"That's a pretty comb," put in A.

"Do you like it?" Wearing no hat, she drew the half circle of the plain, celluloid comb from her hair, which rippled into pretty freedom.

"Will you give it to me?" asked A. eagerly.

"Did you ever see such hair?" asked one in an aside.

"No, and I never saw a girl talk like this with men, and not think of herself one bit," said another.

Five or six boys were clamoring for the comb. Perplexed, she looked from one to the other.

"Now we'll see which one she likes best" said the sergeant.

"Oh, I wish I had enough to go 'round," she laughed. "There!" and breaking the comb in three pieces, she gave one each to three of the fellows. In the fight which ensued one piece was broken in two, so four men were honored. The whistle of the approaching freight came from afar.

"That means that we'll be pulling out," said one of the fellows regretfully.

"I'm sorry we're to see so little of you," said Miss Mattie, "I like you boys."

"There's no place I'd rather stay than here," said one.

"So say we, all of us!" "Me too!" "That's my bet!" came in hearty chorus.

But her eye flashed, and, and she exclaimed "Oh no, not here! It is splendid to see you-all, so merry and brave, going to face death gaily for honor and our country. I wish I were a man!"

"Thank you for saying that!" cried one. "The spirit of the South said that!"

As the freight thundered in on the track behind the special H—— leaned over and said in a low voice something, of which the word "write" could alone be distinguished. Then he took her hand and squeezed it in both of his.

"Saw off, H——," said the sergeant, "you're appropriating public property. "Miss Mattie is our girl—Company B's girl."

"I would appropriate her if I had a chance" said the irrepressible one. "I'll try it after the war."

"Come, come" put in Private O——, seeing the girl getting uncomfortable, "You've made us all your friends, Miss Mattie, and though we never have the good luck to see you again, there's not a man of us who won't always have a warm spot in his heart for you and Graham."

The bell rang, the pacing sentries mounted the platforms, the train moved off, the brakemen swung aboard, the battalion waved and shouted its farewells.

"Glory and good luck to you all!" called out Miss Burney. And every man who had looked at her and listened to her for those few minutes watched her waving pennant disappear, and carried away as a life-long possession the image of her lovely southern girlhood.

Miss Mattie now owns, and doubtless will "keep always," the finest tortoise-shell comb to be found in Jacksonville; nor is it broken into four pieces, either.

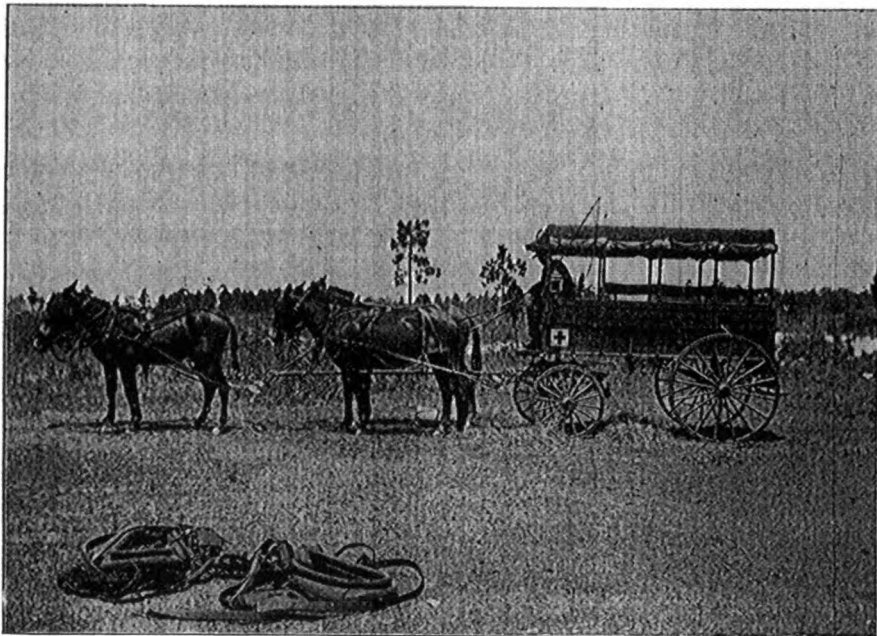
At Jessup, Georgia, sixty miles from Jacksonville, Major Tillie received orders to stop at Jacksonville, instead of going on to Tampa. It was disappointing, for Tampa today meant Cuba tomorrow. We reached Jacksonville at dusk,—a quick dust leaving no transition between day and night. We shouted greetings to our friends, saw by day-light the unvalled tents of the Third and First battalions among the pines, were drawn onto a side-track near by, and then it was night. Our quarters till the morrow were on the Pullmans, and then a long farewell to linen sheets. Everybody but the men on guard was given liberty and made a rush for down-town bath-tubs, barber shops and

ice-cream parlors. To the men left alone by the cars in the woods there were no such common and familiar sights and sounds as buzzing, crackling street cars, and silken scrape of razor over four days' beard. There was only the mysterious night, vast and silent, with the outline of strange half-tropic trees against the sky, the rustling of palmetto fronds against your leggings, solitude, the unknown—and snakes. Guard duty from 2 to 4 a. m. is always a lonesome job, but that first night, to wake out of sound sleep and go pacing up and down the unknown ground, wading through snakes you couldn't see, was decidedly trying on the nerves. Men came along from D company, and said two rattlers had crawled up into their car, one of them being still alive in there. Butch Siegrist promptly saw a large white snake glide past him and go underneath the car. He said he heard its scales rustle too. Sergeant Leonardy immediately mounted the car platform, presumably to keep the thing from getting through the door into the car. Cook said he certainly saw something white moving under the car. Sergeant Leonardy, on the car platform, courageously ordered him to charge it with the bayonet. Cook said his long suite with white snakes was bullets rather than bayonets, but remembering he had sworn to obey orders, he approached the white thing gingerly, gave a convulsive poke with his bayonet, and impaled upon it a writhing—newspaper. The Jacksonville Times-Union never before nor after awakened so much interest. Butch did the rest of his two hours on the platform instead of down in the ditch.

Soon after daybreak next morning we were lined up by company, in heavy marching order, beside the railroad track, and the Pullmans backed away. We stacked arms, piled up blanket rolls, and were issued a corned beef sandwich apiece. This, thanks to Davenport, was the first army travel ration we had touched since the day we left Des Moines. Then we went to work. We arranged the mess chests, dug an oven, set up our three unwallied Sibleys and two officers' tents, and camp was made. There wasn't much to it, but it was all we had. The old Sibley's full capacity was fourteen men, but it was necessary to assign twenty-one or twenty-two to each of our tents. As the roof came right down to the ground, there was no ventilation; we had not yet found a straw stack, and we were not allowed to trench the tents, for fear of stirring fever germs out of this temporarily dry swamp. Luckily, it didn't rain to amount to much the first three weeks. We



A VACCINATION SCENE.



A HOSPITAL AMBULANCE.

thought it was raining five or six times, but that was due simply to our entire ignorance, at that time, as to what rain really is.

The result of the inadequate tentage was that seven or eight men in each tent immediately set about constructing the "shacks" which formed the distinctive feature of our first camp. The company, as a whole, worked at the large shelter, with its roof of pine boughs, which was a common loafing place when the men were off duty. Then from two to four men would club together and make a private shack for sleeping purposes. The first form of shack was this:—Four small pine trees were trimmed and set as posts, forming a quadrangle about seven feet long, and wide in proportion to the number of men "in cahoots." Supports and braces ran back and forth between them; then smaller horizontal beams, also of rough pine, were run from post to post, about two and a half feet above the ground. These beams were mortised, roped, or nailed, or all three. Auger holes were bored at six-inch intervals through these beams, and sixty or seventy yards of rope were passed back and forth, making a tight netting. This was filled up with small boughs and pine needles, and, covered with a blanket, it made a decidedly comfortable bed. The roofs were at first simply a mass of pine boughs to keep off the sun. When it was raining we stretched a sloping rubber blanket immediately under the ceiling. Unfortunately, after our beds were nicely fixed up, we received orders from brigade headquarters to air all bedding daily, if it wasn't raining, and to burn all bedding weekly. The order was meant to apply to the straw in the tents, but it was rather pedantically extended to the pine needle bedding of the shacks. By that time the small pine trees had all been cleared out, and it was against orders to cut trees. It wasn't so much fun sleeping on three ropes, but in that lazy climate you could sleep on a tight rope.

After the real rain of June 20 we saw that what we had hitherto called rain was only a drizzle. Preferring possible fever to certain drowning, we immediately trenched the tents. Finding that we were rooted in Jacksonville, many men bought lumber, built dry-goods boxes on stilts, and lined them with tar paper and oil cloth. Those in the tents bought boards and laid floors. There were some new tents, eight by ten A wall, but by the time we got them more men had come to fill them, and there was always a place for "the shacks."

We were nine weeks and four days in our first camp under the pine trees, and six weeks and two days in the new camp. Most of the

illustrations in this volume are of the old camp, which may be recognized everywhere by the presence of trees near at hand.

The day after we reached Jacksonville the "Metropolis" said:—"The Fiftieth Iowa regiment has no band with it, but this regiment is one of the finest volunteer organizations in the United States." And the "Times-Union and Citizen" said:—"The Second battalion of the Iowa regiment has always been a very popular social organization in its native state, and has in its ranks some of Iowa's most popular and influential citizens. The 'Second' is the wealthiest battalion in camp, and they are well equipped in every particular."

That same day we all had our hair clipped short, and certainly didn't look like "Iowa's most popular and influential citizens." Mustaches also were far below par. Uncle Sam didn't issue napkins, and a mustache waxed with slumgullion isn't as swell as der Kaiser's. Truth compels us to say that, being hairless, we kept cleaner, but we looked like a lot of jailbirds. The word "wealthiest" in the Times-Union puff may possibly have accounted for the enterprising merchant's show window rigged up with a big sign, "The Fiftieth Iowa." By the time twenty regiments got to Jacksonville, and among them had over five hundred thousand dollars a month to spend, we didn't see much of signs to catch exclusively this or that particular regiment. A regiment on a war footing, as all of them finally were, draws \$26,569.06 a month, the field and staff officers \$2,066.66, the line officers \$4,700.00, the band \$435.80, the sergeants \$1,446.00, the corporals \$2,590.00, the privates \$15,339.60.

Of course some of this money was sent home, but, as nearly as we can estimate it, as much came from home. It is not exaggerating much to say that two million dollars in cash was put in circulation in Jacksonville by the soldiers encamped there during the war. War is a good thing for cities and sutlers. The next war I'm going to be either a city or a sutler; preferably a sutler. The colonel touched seven months' pay at the rate of \$3,500.00 a year, but our sutler, Hallowell, piled up his \$3,500.00 in four months.

But though, in many merchants, the great sum of money out in camp excited cupidity, causing them to regard the soldiers simply as a source of revenue, there were many kind, unselfish and very hospitable people in Jacksonville. Every man in the company, I suppose, could give instances of this. There are a dozen people of this kind I, myself, happen to know about. Mr. and Mrs. Hammett invited many a

homesick youth to dinner, and, after the company left for the north, took sick men into their own house. Mrs. M. E. Satchwell frequently sent magazines and basketfuls of good things out to the boys she knew, and, although half sick herself for awhile, she visited the hospitals, often and always looked out for any Company B boys she found there. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Fetting couldn't do enough for the four fellows they took under their downy wings. The Misses Fetting, one of them a trained nurse, did untold good in the Second division hospital. The Misses Stout gave the boys dinners, and their father, Dr. Stout, gave them medicine. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Bishop could not have been kinder. Dear old Major Anderson, perfect type of the old-fashioned southern gentleman, put some of the boys up at the Seminole club, and made life very agreeable just by being around. And, as I say, these are the people whose kindness was observed by one man only. Multiply by a hundred and it makes a goodly showing for the city on the St. Johns.

The second day were in Jacksonville Company B of the Fiftieth was ordered to furnish what was known as the "water guard," for the ostensible purpose of preventing any one from decimating Uncle Sam's army by poisoning the city water supply. There were rumors of sacks of arsenic sunk in springs near other camps. Water was piped out to camp from the Jacksonville water works, so, of course, it would involve poisoning the water of all the men, women and children in the city. I suppose, however, that a man who could commit the colossal crime of poisoning five thousand soldiers would not hesitate if he incidentally had to poison ten or fifteen thousand non-combatants. The fact that the possibility of such a thing was an idea seriously entertained by any number of people shows how excited the public imagination was at that time. And really, when you think of it, the men who blew up the Maine would hardly have shrunk from this more colossal crime. I suppose, however, that the general officers who established the water guard hadn't the slightest idea of guarding against poisoners. The beautiful grounds of the water-works were in the part of town nearest camp, and, without guard, many soldiers would have loafed there, and might possibly have caused some disturbance. Further, the most important thing we could learn in Jacksonville was to keep vigilant watch on guard where we felt a serious responsibility. Hence the myth of the poisoners. The poison was like the sticks of dynamite that didn't wreck the train. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 27th Lieutenant

Hender, Corporals Taylor, Greene and Miner, and fifteen privates, slung on their blankets and marched down to the water works for twenty-four hours of guard duty. In the midst of grounds prettily set out with trees and shrubbery stand the buildings containing the big engines, furnaces, etc., of the water-works. Beside the big tower, not yet in use, there was an open reservoir, the size and shape of a baseball diamond, which gave a large reserve of water in case of a fire. In the midst of a smaller circular reservoir near by rose the jet of a fine artesian well, six inches in diameter and four feet in height. In the back of the main building was a deep pit, into which the water was continually rushing before being forced into the pipes. This was the point where poison would be most effective. These three points had four sentries, two on the big reservoir. There was another circular pond toward the left and rear of the building, and here was the fifth post. Of course ten men and two corporals were always at liberty to wander through the shady walks, and strike up flirtations with the girls, and tease Old Joe, the eleven-foot alligator. A corporal and private went out to arrange for meals, and, after finding no decent restaurant within nine blocks, they began to try private houses. After parleying with half a dozen ladies (some of whom they afterward met more regularly) they struck a benevolent boarding house woman, whose cheery old darky cook certainly did beat Villian and Stebens. This corporal was very neatly cut out by this private in the graces of a certain slim and charming damsel. If you don't believe it ask Miner. It was frightfully hot on some of those posts from 12 m. to 2, and from 2 till 3. The almost tropical sun stood square over your head and kept up a steady tattoo of heat waves. It was only ninety-two or -three in the shade, but in the sun it was hotter, I think, than Iowa sunlight would be with the thermometer at ninety-two. Some of the fellows started to sleep on the grass outside the building that night, and a cool mist, delicious but dangerous, hung over them, soaking their blankets. Most of them moved inside after the first watch.

Between midnight and 2 o'clock, with no sound audible but a low purring of machinery, the sound of falling water and the crunch of sentries' shoes in gravel, Doc Hoag on Post No. 4, spied a dark form slipping along in the shadows.

"Halt!" sang out Doc. Tommy Owens would have said the dark form halted with a jump. There is something persuasive about the



A CRACKER'S STANHOPE.



FOURTH VIRGINIA MASOOTS AT DRILL.

word "Halt," spoken loudly amid dead silence by a man with a loaded gun.

"Who's there?"

No answer.

"Answer, or I'll shoot," observed Doc, cocking and leveling his Springfield.

"Don't shoot, It's me—an officer," said a scared voice hastily.

"Step into that light and be recognized," was Doc's variation of the regular formula.

The dark form stepped with alacrity, and became visibly a big and very nervous policeman.

"Oh," said Doc, lowering his rifle, "you're *that* kind of an officer, are you? What the H—l are you doing here?"

"Why, nothing," said the policeman, sheepishly. "I was just comin' in for a little nap on this bench. None o' you fellows ever saw me before. Bin doin' it every night since this guard was put on."

"Not with this guard, you ain't," said Doc, and he called the corporal. When the corporal came, and understood, the officer was extremely relieved to find that he was at liberty to decamp.

The water guard was relieved next morning. Though guard duty is never a "snap" this episode, being out of the routine, was pleasant. The routine of camp life was uninterrupted for a couple of weeks. The first Sunday in Jacksonville, the 29th of May, a large number of men from our company went down to Pablo beach, and had their first glimpse of and dip in the ocean. It was amusing to see the big eyes of the inlanders, who had never seen the great waves break, nor smelt salt water, nor seen the skyline unbroken by any land. It was still more amusing to see them batted by the surf, and the half injured, half puzzled expression when the big combers knocked them down. Jimmy Carson said the waves tried to knock his head off when he wasn't looking. The sublimity of the sea awed them a little. Men who would carelessly swim across the Mississippi didn't feel like getting over their depth in this "stream of ocean" which was three thousands miles wide. It was, perhaps, fortunate, for we found afterward that Pablo beach had some very wicked cross-currents, that sometimes, wind and tide being right, carry swimmers northward and then toward Spain. One man who "knew all about the ocean" was out two or three hundred yards from shore when he saw four or five huge, black creatures bobbing shoreward from the deep sea. In spite of his nautical knowl-

edge he took the playful dolphins for sharks, made record-breaking time to the beach, and didn't boast any more of his intimacy with Mr. Neptune.

The cooking for the first three or four days in Jacksonville wasn't very satisfactory, and we had no shelter from the sun while eating. Hence Captain Dalzell's telegram to Davenport for the mess-tent, the arrival of which, after three or four days, removed the greatest discomfort of our lives in camp. The southern pine, which Jock called "telegraph poles mit vitskers," were really of no account as shade trees. Their decorative value, however, was not appreciated by the boys who wrote home. In the first place, they were neither palm trees nor palmetto trees, as our good "Taps" wrote in his letters to *The Democrat*. They were the very resinous hard pine of the south. If you don't believe they are resinous just lean your blue shirt against one of them, the bark of which has anywhere been cut through. In place of the rigid symmetry of the northern pine, their branches grow with irregular and spontaneous grace. Each branch grows as it pleases, bending this way and that. The northern pine is a despot that allows no liberty of choice to its members in their growth. The palmettos are, of course, only a foot or so high. They give a half tropic character to all that part of Florida. Down at Pablo, only twenty odd miles away and no farther south, palm trees are plentiful; their leaves and fronds being like the palmetto, arranged umbrella fashion, their trunks having a surface which looks like a pineapple,—endogenous affairs,—that is the trunk keeps growing up inside of itself, instead of adding new layers outside a central heart. Across the St. Johns river from camp were luxurious plantations, the houses being set round with date-trees, which look like sheaves of lances set with daggers, banana trees, whose big green flags flap lazily like elephant's ears, and married pairs of fig trees. There were groves of small orange trees, the big ones having been split by the great frost three years before, and lemon trees. There were little Japanese plum trees, rich and neat, and pomegranates whose seeds are sweet to eat and look like hexahedral rubies set in transparent green stone. There are velvet plants, and camphor trees, and everything else that can delight the tree-loving imagination. In the hummocks, which are little islands of big trees, amid swampy ground and low-growing timber, are magnificent live oaks, twenty and thirty feet in diameter, whose branches grow straight out for a hundred feet and then dip to the ground, making an interior hall, fes-



A SOLDIER'S MARRIAGE.



ARRIVAL OF THE ROOKIES.

tooned with trailing, gray-green, Spanish moss. You could sail across the St. Johns and up into tributaries that took you right into this Garden of Eden. Then rowing back through the still night, the swirls of the oars and the wake of the boat would bubble and glisten with phosphorescent fire, and the big southern moon would shine so bright that you could easily read by it.

But those glimpses of fairy land were infrequent. The frequent thing was something like this:—At 4:30 the trumpeters blew reveille. You were dead asleep, but you heard it, and before you woke up you were mechanically crawling into a blue shirt and feeling for your shoes. You pulled on trousers, laced your shoes, and tumbled out of your tent into the street. Then the first sergeant winked, or something, and each squad fell in in front of its tent. The corporals reported absentees, and each put his squad through the seventeen exercises. The first sergeant winked again, squads were dismissed, everybody grabbed his towel and made for the wash-basins. Five minutes after dismissal of squads, at quarter past five, mess call sounded; the privates fell in, regardless of height, at the officers' end of the company street, and were marched to the three long tables which ran from end to end of the mess tent in the rear. Tin plate, knife, fork and cup were at each plate; bread and bacon, potatoes and coffee, were passed around. After mess you usually had ten minutes or so to roll a cigarette and get your eyes open. Then came the notes of fatigue call; the twelve companies were formed, and each one was marched by a company officer over back of the tents of the field and staff. It was unusual in military life, but the battalion commanders were obliged by brigade orders to be present for fatigue, and after the companies were lined up on the railroad track in the first camp, and on the shellroad in the second, the majors gave the command, "Forward, march!" and went back to bed. Then the regiment went forward slowly and loosely, across the entire camp, from the field officers' tents to the line of sinks, picking up every stick, scrap of paper, cigarette butt, lemon peel, twig, and wisp of hay. Each battalion had its bonfire in the rear, where everything burnable was burned, and the rest carted away. This "police" duty was done thoroughly, and any attempt to shirk it was disastrous. Immediately after fatigue call, and while the well were picking up "snipes," the sick were taken up by the "non-com" in charge of quarters to the surgeon's tent. Until the middle of August there were not many to respond to sick call, but after that time about half

the company responded to fatigue and half to sick call, beside those unable to respond to either. So benches were placed beside the surgeon's tent, and these benches were better filled than the "pews" on Sunday, after the grave and lovely notes of "church." Each man had a minute or two to tell his troubles to the lieutenant surgeons, who did and said what they could, while the hospital steward marked each man "for duty," or "sick in quarters," or "sick in hospital," in the company sick books.

After fatigue and sick call came inspection of quarters, unheralded by any bugle call. The company commandant, accompanied by a sergeant who shouted out "attention!" marched down one side of the company street, through the mess tent and kitchen, and back on the other side. The men stood at attention, each man in front of his own sleeping quarters. Blankets had to be airing, if it wasn't raining; clothing had to be neatly folded, and after the tent floors were in they had to be cleanly swept.

At 5:40 came the first call for guard mount. The guard detail fell in in the company street and was inspected by the first sergeant. Of course the most perfect condition and cleanliness of person, clothing, and equipment was required of men going on guard. The guard detail of each company consisted always of from three to four privates; once in four days a corporal also; once in twelve days a sergeant also. At 5:45 came guard mount, and then each first sergeant marched his detail out onto the field officers' street, where the ceremony of forming the guard and marching it to review took place. The inspection of the guard was rather trying on the men. To stand for ten or fifteen minutes (it seems an hour) motionless and rigid, with eyes straight to the front, is never luxurious. With the thermometer at ninety, and no breeze blowing, and the air still wet with the unscattered mist of the night, and the wet ground steaming in the sun, it may fairly be called uncomfortable, and nearly every day some man would keel over like a log. It was wise, on those guard mounts, not to fix the eye-balls too steadily. If things began to swim a little, and get the least bit cloudy on the edges of the field of vision, it wasn't in the book but it was excellent good sense to look first at near things and then at distant ones. To rest the optic nerve wards off loss of consciousness and prevents an unpleasant tumble. It spoils the looks of the line to have men falling over.

It was, perhaps, on guard mount that we felt most keenly the lack of a band. Fatigue being over, most of the regiment watched guard mount from the officers' street. Guard mount is a pretty ceremony, and it is rendered interesting by the rivalry of the companies in regard to getting one of their men in as orderly. A good band makes a difference of fifty per cent. in the tone and spirit of a regiment, and the difference is felt chiefly on guard mount and dress parade.

The orderly having been selected, and the new guard having marched off to relieve the old one at the guard house, most of the fellows put on leggings, got out rag and stick and gun-oil, and went to work on their rifles. The rust started over night in that damp air, and once well started there was no stopping it. Belt plates came in for a furbishing only once or twice a week, but certainly they got it before Saturday morning inspection.

During guard mount the non-com in charge of quarters went over to the commissary tent, with a couple of men and a Buzzacotte camp pan, and drew the meat for the day. This meat was refrigerated beef, put out of the cars right there and then. That furnished to Company B was perfectly good and sweet, except one day, when the outside of it was pretty rank. It was only necessary, however, to cut off the outside part, the inside being unspoiled. We saw nothing of the famous (or infamous) canned roasted beef, which was an emergency ration. We drew the regular field ration; not, of course, as full or varied as the garrison ration. Half an hour after meat was issued the ice came up from town, and the non-com sent two men and a rubber blanket after it.

At 6:25 came first call for drill, followed at 6:30 by drill call, which found the men standing, in leggings, web-belts with bayonets thrust into them, and rifles, either near their regular places in company line or else running to get there. Assembly, five minutes later, meant fall in, which command was instantly given by the first sergeant, who called the roll and reported to the captain. He, taking command, marched the company out for the regular morning drill. The various kinds of drill can best be considered later in a separate paragraph. After a drill of an hour and a half or so we would hear, being then out in the woods, the welcome notes of recall, blown over at camp. The company having been marched in, and having been brought to port arms and dismissed by the first sergeant, there was a rush for the cool water, prepared by the non-com in charge of quarters. No

canteens were allowed on drill, the theory being that a man stands it better without water. After being almost continually busy from a quarter to 5 until 8, the men were, as a rule, free from recall until drill call at 3:30 in the afternoon. This time after drill was employed by the men in bathing, sewing on buttons, or removing pine pitch from blue shirts. Some washed their own underclothes, others gave them to the crowd of negro washermen and women. These darkies, being unable to read, but having long memories, would put little tags of colored cloth on each bundle of clothes and remember in that way which clothes were whose. The most conspicuous of these people was "Old Reliable" as he called himself. Although he was no more reliable than the others, the name stuck to him, and he, being the only energetic nigger in the south, reaped a silver harvest; and no doubt now has a brown stone front and a white trash coachman. When you told him those things had to be back next day, he answered, "I'll do my endeavorest, boss; I'll do my endeavorest." There was, as a rule, nothing but mess call at noon for the men, and that was not compulsory. Some of them, therefore, often spent the intervening time down town, going to Nick Arend's for lunch, and spending several hours in the cool and cosy rooms of the Seminole club, where there were billiards, cool drinks and things to read. For the officers and non-commissioned officers, however, there was daily theoretical instruction. School call was sounded at 10 o'clock; the officers' school lasted about half an hour; and then all non-coms not on guard or special duty went over and sat near the colonel's tent, under the big tree which figures in the illustrations. Captain Bishop of C company was instructor, under the superintendence of Colonel Lambert. Obscure points in tactics, and their practical application, were explained by the instructor, who answered questions which had puzzled corporals and sergeants in the performance of their duties. Captain Bishop's regular army experience had very well qualified him for this instructorship.

At 11:30, came first sergeant's call. At this time each first sergeant, repairing to the office of the sergeant-major, received back the company sick book, which the non-com in charge of quarters had taken up to the surgeon at sick call. He also received his first sergeant's book, which had been sent to the sergeant-major not later than 8:30, and from which the sergeant-major had calculated the portion of the next days' guard allotted to each company.



A POPULAR PASTIME.



STAFF OFFICERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

At 12 came:—

"Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean,
Porky, porky, porky, without a streak of lean,
Coffee, coffee, coffee, the worst I ever seen."

But Company B, as will be afterward explained, fared better than the rude soldier rhyme of "Mess" would have you believe.

If there were clothes to be issued by the regimental quartermaster, they were issued about 1 o'clock. The issue of rations to the companies occurred regularly every ten days, but the men were at drill and saw nothing of it. At 3:30 came drill call and assembly, as in the morning, and the drill was the same as then, only that reviews were sometimes substituted. Recall brought us in pretty tired, and we lay around and swapped lies for three quarters of an hour. At 5:30, came dress parade, the showiest thing in military life. Don't imagine that we put on those hot blouses for dress parade, or wore trim caps with shining visors. Blue shirts and campaign hats "went" on dress parade as elsewhere. The showiness is in the regimental formation, and the reporting of the battalion adjutants; in the how-de-doing of the adjutant and the colonel, and the publication of orders; in the sounding off and trooping of the band, in the playing of the Star Spangled Banner, and the sounding of retreat, which officially ends the day's work; and the marching up of the field and staff, the colonel returning their salute, and the passing in review of the companies, each one putting up the very best line of which it is capable.

For several weeks during the rainy season drill call would sound at 3:30, and then, immediately, instead of assembly would come recall, which was to say that Jupiter Pluvius had the floor and we would not drill. Then we put our heads in, and shut the tent-flies, and made bets as to whether the water in the company street would or would not rise higher than the four-inch tent floors. Of course there was an order against games of chance in quarters, but what was there to do? And the non-com in charge of quarters was not going to get a ducking just to see what was being done in each tent.

On rainy days, also, retreat roll call was substituted for dress parade. If it was pouring at 5:30 the corporals checked their squads and reported to first sergeants, who reported to battalion adjutants, who told Fritz Goedecke. If it was not actually raining each company was lined up in its own street, without arms, facing the west; then brought to parade rest, while the assembled field music sounded retreat, and the band played the Star Spangled Banner,—an air that

grows sweeter and sweeter to a man the longer he is a soldier—an air that seems to idealize all the work-a-day details of his life. . To stand at the end of the day and hear that piece made a man feel (what no man ever spoke of) the fact that he was working for his country; and that, however trivial or prosy his work, it was the best he could do for her, and he must do it well.

After dress parade, or retreat roll call, came mess call at six, and supper. After supper the point of most interest was the issue of candles. There was about one-fourth of a candle for every four men, and competition was lively. The non-com in charge of quarters had to be careful to keep candles from being appropriated and hoarded by thrifty individuals. Matches were almost as valuable as candles. The market price of a match was "the makin's" of a cigarette. There were but two more calls, the long and sweet tattoo, which, at quarter to 9, told men that there were but fifteen minutes more of lights. Men visiting other companies sauntered back to their own quarters, men from town came in, walking rapidly or running; men at the sutler's finished their ice cream and "squared up," men writing letters wrote "must stop, there's tattoo." Those who liked to undress with a light did so, and then came "taps"—most musical, most melancholy of bugle calls, full of yearning for and promise of peace in the midst of war, and, over the grave, full of yearning for the life beyond it. Just before taps you had glimpses of dozens of candle-lit interiors, showing brown faces against white walls. After it, on a dark night, you saw nothing but darkness; in half moonlight the tents showed ghostly gray. Just after taps you saw a single light moving from tent to tent. It was the non-com in charge taking check.

Taps:—

I.

Day is o'er;
Night's begun;
Let the lights
Shine no more,
Duty's done.
Wearied sore,
Sleep each one,—
Day is done.

II.

Life is o'er:
Death's begun;
Let the eyes
See no more,
Duty's done.
Wearied sore,
Sleep this one,—
Life is done.

The regular routine made every day very much like every other. They were all of the same type with individual variations. Sunday there would be excursions to Pablo and St. Augustine, or across the St. John's, or dinner with friends down town, or an alligator hunt. Frequently, for awhile, there would be an afternoon thunder-storm or



THE "FORTS GRABS" HOTEL.



"OUR BOB" ON KITCHEN POLICE.

cloud-burst in the place of afternoon drill. Sometimes we would go on the rifle range for a day's target work. Sometimes there would be brigade, or division, or even corps review. Every day between 8 and 12, or between 1 and 3:30, there would be a large detail from each company for special fatigue. Seven or eight men under a corporal would go and dig trenches in the vain attempt to drain the flat, low camp; or they would grub giant stumps off the parade ground, or build bridges over trenches, or shovel and haul sand, or help build a stable for officers' horses. Of course, drill was our main business in life, and we got all kinds of it, from squad drill up to regimental drill. The rookies drilled under McBurney, who promptly scared them into being good soldiers. Their progress was thorough and remarkably rapid. I am sure every man of them thought he would be blindfolded and shot if he did right face instead of left. "Lane! Lane! step up there, sir!" became a stock quotation. Tommy Owens, however, was not to be abashed by Mac's rigid soldier face. One day Tommy was very slow in executing "about face."

"Owens, what do you mean?" demanded the sergeant sternly. "You have drilled before. You should be ashamed, sir. Turn promptly on your right heel."

"Sure, Sergeant," said Tommy, in honied tones; "Sure an' the heel of me government shoe has come off, sor, an' how kin Oi turn on ut?"

Men say that Mac, although on duty, smiled. This, however, is probably an exaggeration.

For some reason, there was very little brigade or division drill such as General Lincoln gave us in Des Moines. To be sure, there wasn't enough open ground for neat manoeuvres, but if our division had operated in Cuba it would not have had much country. Whatever the reason, three-fourths of the drill was by battalion, and three-fourths of that was wisely open order, two companies advancing by section, two companies in reserve, all being thrown at last upon one firing line, then "to the charge," and "charge." After advancing by rushes over a Florida field, snuggling down into the deep sand to avoid imaginary bullets, we would find our legs full of "jiggers" or *chigres*; little beasts that worked under the skin and made itchy red spots. Upon these we put kerosene. Some tried gun-oil. Other days we practiced advance guard work, throwing out point and flankers, forming company in advance, support and reserve. The advance in battle

formation and open order was performed to the satisfaction of General Bancroft by Major Tillie's battalion. This was the first day he saw our drill, and he complimented it highly, saying to the major, "That movement was very well executed. You may take your battalion in, sir!" General Bancroft was a terror, and his praises were as rare as white blackbirds.

The battalion was marching over to the parade ground one day when General Lee, a couple of staff officers, and a carriage containing the general's daughters, came up the road across which the battalion was marching. General Lee reined in his big horse, and as Company B came along he exclaimed to the ladies, "Look at those faces! Just look at those faces! Did you ever see finer faces than those?" Were it not for the well known modesty of the present company chronicler he would mention the fact that he himself was the person the general was thinking of; and, also that, with his customary tact, the general said faces instead of face, in order to avoid hurting the other boys' feelings.

One day the entire regiment was given a red-hot battle drill, with the three-mile house as an objective. We were closing in on this house through thick woods, devoid of underbush for the last two or three hundred yards. Two fat darky women were waddling along through the woods, carrying baskets, when they saw the regiment coming for them. At a hundred and fifty yards the bugle sang out the fierce and rapid "kill'em! kill'em! kill'em!" of the charge, and the regiment shot forward, yelling, with glistening, bristling bayonets. The two fat darky women wailed and fled. They went faster than the regimental sprinter; they cleared the road fence like antelope; they pattered down the shell road in a cloud of white dust; they bolted into a cabin, and shut the door, and probably piled tables and chairs against it.

Another day the Second battalion was drilling on new ground. There was a dip, or hollow, about fifty yards from the eastern fence. At two hundred yards, moving east, we charged; we came to the hollow, went down into it and struck a swampy creek at the bottom. The officers were in the rear and didn't see it, so the battalion raced through it—knee deep and thigh deep,—neck deep if you upset, as some men did. It was wettish and muddyish, but it was good fun.

One day General Bancroft put each company separately through company drill. Poor Heaton of Fairfield snarled his company, tangled

it and drew it into hard knots, while Old Two-Two, or Too-Too, or Toot-oo, laid on the lash of his satiric tongue. "B" watched "M," made mental notes, and when Amos came over we took a cadence of a hundred and thirty, and snapped through manual and marching without a slip. We had a tumble, though. The stumps had not yet been grubbed up, and Captain Tom, facing his company, was marching backward as we came left front into line. The captain struck a stump emphatically, and describing an airy parabola, sat down still more emphatically in trans-stumpian territory. The captain's first remark was also emphatic. Bancroft promptly decided that here was a forcible nature, and treated the captain with marked respect.

Another day, on battalion drill, Bancroft sent two of our captains from the field on account of some trifling mistake. "Go to your quarters and study the drill regulations," did not seem well calculated to preserve the respect of the enlisted men for their company officers. The men, however, knew that we all made mistakes,—even General Bancroft—for we saw him make them. Even the privates knew that on brigade review the brigadier should bring his command to present arms before he himself turned and saluted the reviewing officer. Our brigadier terrorized and bullied the men on guard. He scared one sentry so that he could not give his general orders, and then asked the boy if his mother had good sense. Brigadiers should not ask impertinent questions about people's mothers. General Lincoln was just as strict as General Bancroft. Lincoln's men respected him, and obeyed instantly and cheerfully. His rebuke was just as stinging, but it was invariably felt to be based on accurate judgment and justice. General Bancroft is doubtless a charming man in private life; he may do well as a Harvard overseer, and as vice president of the Boston Street Railway, but as a brigadier he was a martinet, and, worse than that, an amateur martinet. If he had really known his own business we would have respected him for his sharp criticisms of the way we did ours. But why that piece of paper he carried and consulted when he desired to see seven or eight regimental evolutions? The general orders of every private in the brigade required more memorization than those seven or eight commands. He is reported to have said that the Fiftieth Iowa was not fit to march in a Boston torch-light procession. Also that they were undersized clerks and desk-men who lacked physical vigor and intelligence. I suppose he was thinking of such puny creatures as Ham Gronen and Bill Schwartz! Still, General Bancroft

did give us the new and true information that two and two make four. He also told the assembled officers and non-coms of the brigade that the regulation quick time step was thirty-six inches. The two plus two sum had convinced us of his mathematical accuracy, so, of course, we knew the Drill Regulations must be mistaken in giving the regulation step as only thirty inches. Thirty inches might do for undergrown Iowa men, but for a stalwart Bostonian torch-light procession the proper step was thirty-six. When the trumpeter at the guard house sounded two flourishes for the brigadier you could see men "rubber-necking" from every company street to see who was going to catch it now. It was *not* for General Bancroft, however, that Sentry No. 1 called out, "Turn out de whole push; here comes the main guy!"

For a variety of incidents and causes General Bancroft was cordially hated by every officer and man in the regiment, and, it is likely, in the brigade. The brigade adjutant, Lieutenant Cassatt of the Fourth United States regular cavalry, captain of volunteers, was naturally not charmed with the task of licking volunteer regiments into shape while battles were being fought in Cuba. He was sore, and General Bancroft may have been influenced by his tone and attitude. Three of our men who wanted to be transferred to a regular regiment in front of Santiago nearly had their heads taken off for daring to want to do what he, Captain Cassatt, was not permitted to do.

Well, we learned open order battalion drill down there, anyway. We didn't know the drill signals of the bugle, only "halt," and "to the charge," and "charge," and "to the rear," and "assembly." But even the United States regulars are, and have always been, shaky on those drill signals. Our squads, the units of the battle formation, were not drilled often enough by themselves, nor were they kept intact, as they should have been. A corporal would have one squad one day and another the next, and very seldom did he have in practice the seven men he theoretically commanded. Vacancies in the front rank were not filled by rear rank men,—as they should have been,—hence the squads were not fixed units. There was, in fact, none of the pedantic perfection of European armies in our organization; but neither was there in the Rough Riders' regiment, who managed to fight and live pretty well.

Sometimes, instead of drill, the company, or even the battalion, would go on a "hike." A hike is soldierese for a walk without arms.



MAKING ROUNDS OF POSTS ON PROVOST GUARD.



A SQUAD ON PROVOST GUARD.

On the beautifully wooded shell roads about the city the hikes were a pleasant substitute for drills. One picture shows B company hiking; another shows them fallen out at Sulphur Springs. Another day we marched into a beautiful park in the far suburbs of Jacksonville. That day we were commanded by Sergeant Roe, who sent a diplomat to ask the old gardener, who had charge of the park, if we might swim in the artificial lake. The old fellow demurred at first, but was won over, sent men to the gates to keep women away, and the whole company revelled for ten minutes in the deliciously cool water.

Another substitute for drill was the very necessary target practice. Large details of the company were out at three different times, and fired four thousand rounds. Some good scores were made. The roar of the firing line gave us a good idea of the sound of battle. The Springfield bullets could be seen making a down-curving, silver line in the air between rifle muzzle and target. The pine trees back of the range were, many of them, cut through and felled by so many bullets striking them in the plane of the line of fire.

One day, the battalion marching in route step past the mule-filled division corral, Company C's dog, Sampson, chased some chickens into a door yard. An officer and sergeant passed around the house and succeeded in driving the dog out of the yard. After he was out, and had run back near the column, the owner of the chickens shot at him with a pistol. The shooter proved to be a Jacksonville policeman off duty. He was standing on the porch roof in front of the second story windows of his house. A woman was with him, endeavoring to calm his angry passions and get him to step inside. After the pistol shot the owner of the dog told the owner of the chickens what he was. The infuriated policeman then brandished his pistol fiercely and invited the man who had called him that to step out of the column and be shot. There were a great many men fingering nervously at the ball-cartridges in each web belt, and figuring how to miss the woman beside the angry brute. Major Tillie brought the battalion to attention, and averted further exchange of courtesies. Upon his reporting the conduct of the policeman, however, that individual was dismissed by the city authorities.

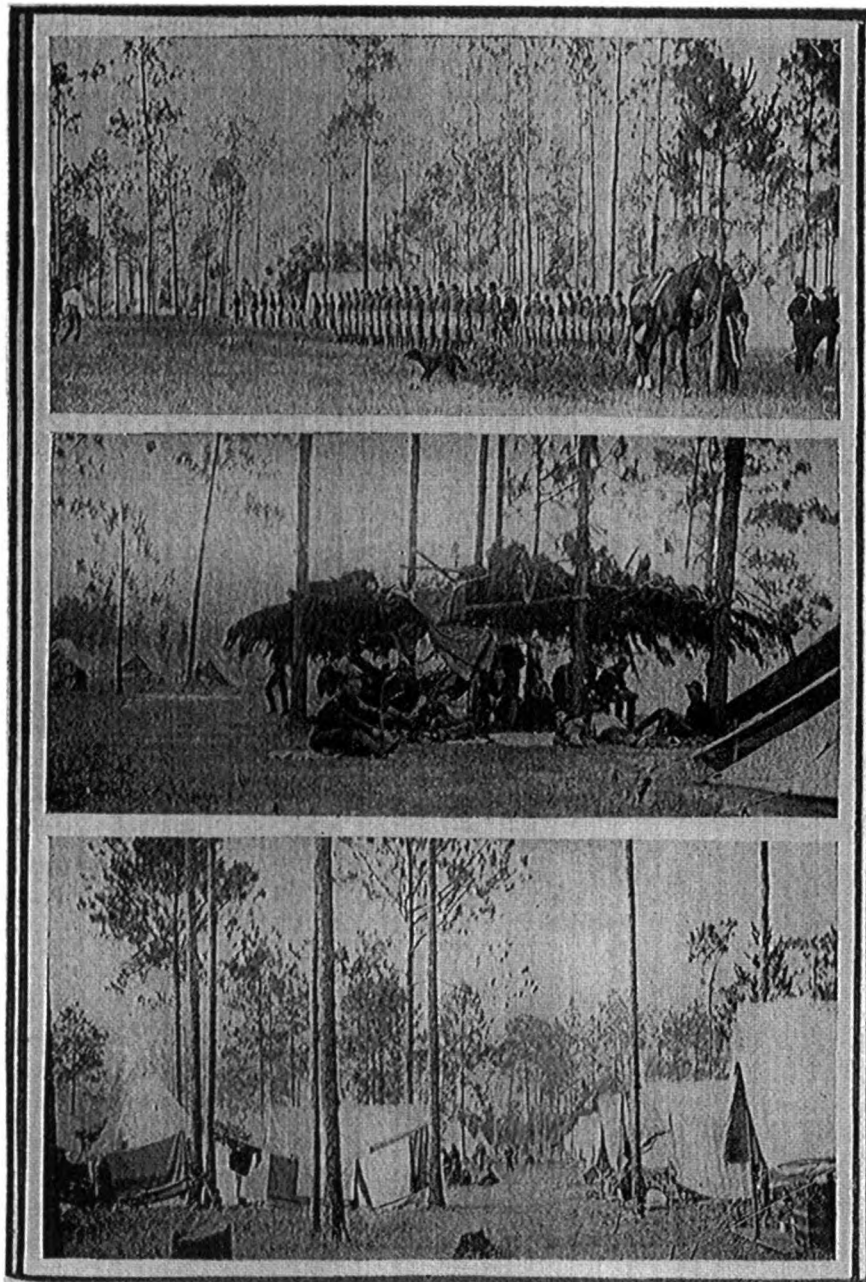
Of course we got so we could take care ourselves; and our mess was really extremely good after McBurney got things running smoothly. Our company had the reputation of having the best mess in the Seventh army corps. In the first place, McBurney had been in

charge of a company mess in the regular army. In the second place, Davenport kept our company fund up so that we could buy extras. In the third place Weiss and Sharpe and Koch knew how to cook; and when, after many changes of dynasty, those men were established, Weiss as first cook and corporal, and the others as his assistants, things were as right as things could be. For dinner we would have, say, boiled beef, potatoes, tomatoes, soft bread, hard tack, butter, coffee and ice water,—the coffee with or without sugar, as you chose. On Fourth of July, thanks to Mr. Petersen's generosity, we had for supper ham, mutton, mashed potatoes, corn, peas, cheese, hard tack, bread and butter, a whole pie apiece, coffee and claret lemonade.

Here is the regular field ration, given in pounds and ounces:—

Ham, pork, bacon.....	12.00
Fresh (or salt) beef.....1	6.00
Bread (or flour).....1	
Beans (or peas).....1	2.40
Rice or hominy.....	1.60
Ground coffee.....	1.28
(Tea).....	.32
Sugar.....	2.40
Candles.....	.64
Soap.....	.64
Salt.....	.60
Pepper.....	1.04
Fresh vegetables, i. e. potatoes.....1	

The articles in parenthesis were not issued in Jacksonville. Once or twice a week McBurney would buy something like this: (a sample bill, dated September 10) one dozen cabbages, five pounds apricots, starch, ten pounds tapioca, six gallons milk, tea, extract of lemon, lemons, six pounds prunes, four pounds butter, two gallons syrup, eight pounds oatmeal, five hams. On this bill also appear three dozen eggs, cocoa, cakes and L crackers, these being for the sick, who, we felt, fared better as to nourishment and care while they were in quarters than they did after they went to the big hospital. It was certainly so till mid-August, when women nurses were employed and the hospital food supply vastly improved. For the company, also, fish was bought once a week, peas and mutton occasionally, and many other things. Unfortunately, the volunteer commissary, unlike the regular one, compelled each company to draw full rations, and gave no credit for rations saved. It took too much mathematics and administration to do that. We had far too much coffee and far too much baking powder. These could be sold or exchanged at first, but afterward, not Royal Baking powder, but some cheap stuff, was issued that wouldn't sell. Arbuckle's coffee became a drug on the Jackson-



1. GUARD MOUNT. 2. OUR LOUNGING PLACE. 3. OFFICER'S STREET.

ville grocery market; and being unwilling to give it away, McBurney stored it up in the old Sibley we used for a commissary tent. Could we have got credit for rations saved, or have sold the excess at a fair price, it would have been unnecessary to draw on the company fund for extras. As it was it cost Davenport something, but the city can feel that through its generosity Company B did not suffer by reason of poor and insufficient food.

When the band arrived two of the bandsmen were assigned to "B" for rations. Some of the others heard their reports and came in as guests, so that we had five or six extra men at every meal. Bandsmen are always pets, but other companies were getting credit for feeding them while "B" was actually doing it, and we had to have the adjutant invite them to mess where they were assigned. Finally, of course, they established a mess of their own.

Having described roughly the daily routine, the drill and the mess, it is time to resume the interrupted chronicle. Early in June, everybody was vaccinated, drill was discontinued two days, and men lay around, each one claiming the biggest arm. On the tenth, Craik was transferred to the hospital corps, which was being recruited from the ranks. Naturally many men who had no hospital experience had to be selected, and it was rough on the sick, till the nurses learned their business. Neither Major Robertson, ranking regimental surgeon of the Second division, nor Lieutenant-Colonel Maus, chief surgeon of the Seventh army corps, were to blame for this necessity. They did the best that could be done under their orders. Surgeon-General Sternberg was trying to get the army upon a field basis, and that precluded the hiring of trained women nurses. After it became evident that we would not take the field in Cuba women were admitted, and saved many lives. The blame goes back to congress, which had forgotten, in framing its volunteer army bill, to make provision for a hospital service. If public attention had not been directed so exclusively to canned roast beef, people could see that congress was more responsible than any military man for defects of organization. The National Guard had the basis of a good hospital service which had, as privates, medical students and registered pharmacists,—men of experience in nursing—and these men could not be enlisted in the volunteer service, simply because congress had forgotten. Chairman Hull's first army bill had not forgotten, but that was cut to pieces, and the resulting patchwork bill left out the hospital corps. Three-fifths of the men

who died in army camps can thank congress for their tombstones.

On the thirteenth, James Y. Cantwell, originally one of the privates of the I. N. G. hospital corps, who had enlisted in the company when that corps was thrown out, was transferred to the hospital service. How valuable that kind of a man was among those untrained men may be seen from the fact that he was very soon made acting steward—a rank corresponding to a sergeancy in the line. On the eleventh, Lieutenant Hender and Sergeant Burmeister went on detached duty as recruiting officer and sergeant, with station at Davenport.

On the fourteenth of June occurred the unveiling of the confederate monument in Jacksonville. Federal and confederate veterans marched side by side, and every regiment in the Seventh army corps was represented by a company. The Fiftieth sent one hundred and five men, of whom one hundred and three were six feet or over in height. B company was represented by Lieutenant McManus, Sergeants Roe, Middleton and McBurney, Privates C. Hoover, O. Hoover, Lasher, Gronen, Busch, Sharpe, Koch, and Mason,—our tallest set of four. Captain Bisbee of "A" commanded this six-foot company. General Lee is said to have spoken highly of their appearance. It is too bad that General Bancroft didn't arrive a few days sooner, that he could have seen this company. It might have changed his idea of the size of the Iowans. The body guard of the first Frederick could hardly have been stouter or bigger men than these. It was frightfully hot, they say, on that parade, and many a man fell out; not, however, from the ranks of the Fiftieth. The sand, stirred up by thousands of feet, filled their eyes, and mouths, and lungs, but no one let go. Our own Company B had constantly a good record in this respect. On one hot regimental drill the woods were full of stragglers, but B company didn't lose a man.

On the twentieth General Bancroft, newly assigned to the brigade, reviewed his command. It rained tremendously, the first real rain of the season and the brigade was soaked. Fortunately the general was soaked too. Billy Kulp was No. 1 on guard that day, and Bancroft, coming in through sheets of rain, won Billy's admiration by the things he said to his "dog robber" and his horse. But from Billy's account, print couldn't do justice to the general's remarks.

The next day everybody grubbed stumps, and got paid for fourteen days. The boys chipped in and gave Jimmie Carson \$7.28, he

having joined too late to receive pay with the others. In general, if one man had money and another hadn't, the man who had it would divide. There were one or two "dead beats," but they were known and avoided. Part of Jacksonville was torn loose that night. But the Fiftieth had a wonderful record for good behavior. The provost guard down town made hundreds of arrests, but they didn't get any Fiftieth Iowa men. How good we were! Or—how clever. Frank Fidler, being in charge of quarters, was instructed to sit up and see if X came home sober. X was a fine fellow otherwise, but the officer who gave him a pass had to make him promise not to get drunk. And then, to make sure, he had to detail somebody to see that he didn't. On this night, though, there was no doubt about his being sober, for Frank said he was. There's no disputing expert testimony.

On the twenty-third Lieutenant McManus was "detailed to act as battalion adjutant for Major Tillie, and when he started to mount his horse the saddle, which was not properly adjusted, slipped and turned, throwing him. The horse started forward, striking the lieutenant on the knee cap, and slightly spraining the right knee. He will be on the sick list for a few days." So wrote Miner at the time. It was just thirty-one days before the big lieutenant could return to duty.

Next day, just two weeks after the departure of Hender and Burmeister, the first rookies arrived for Company B. Seven in the morning in charge of Hedley Beesley, an old time color sergeant of the British army, and twenty-four in the evening in charge of C. A. Rohde, an old Company C man. Both Rohde and Beesley were newly enlisted, and naturally added two excellent soldiers to the company. With these Company B rookies came some for other companies. Among the new "B" men were the bridegroom colony; Grilk who became brigade quartermaster's clerk, Meyer the bear, and Tommy Owens, our Mulvaney, now in the Philippines with Company G of the Fourth Regular Infantry. Tommy heard that a recruit must be under forty, so when Hender asked him his age, he replied cheerfully, "thirty-noine, sor."

"Can't take men over thirty-five," said Hender. "Next."

Tommy returned crestfallen to Rohde's. He had a "'skee," and suddenly brightened up a bit. By and by he returned to the armory and, winking at Hender, said, "Leftenant! oh Leftenant! Me aunt has looked at me age in the family boible and she siz Oi'm only thirrt-four." It was Tommy who said, "We Germans must together stick-

en." In this "bunch" were also Proctor, sometimes cook; and little Reavy, the best shot among the new men; and big Bill Schwartz, the biggest man in the regiment, who dined with Lee and "didn't seem to know the use of fear," and Landy, who stayed in Jacksonville with the sick when the regiment came north; and Gustav LeGrande and John Schroeder, who gave their lives in the service of their country.

Next day came Edward L. Nebergall, an old B man. The day after came Max Paul, Pete Paulsen, Price, who later nearly died, Rhodes and Thompson. On July 3 came Reynolds, who lost his eye while in the service, and Ed. Schroeder. The last of the rookies was Huss on July 16.

On the twenty-fifth, Corporal John Miner, a non-ccm who did his whole duty and was popular (a rare tribute if you stop to think) was transferred to the volunteer signal corps, with station at Tampa. General Greeley's corps, as everybody knows, was the most perfectly organized and scientific in the army. John is a telegrapher, and the signal corps got a good man.

The addition of forty rookies to the company roster necessitated six new corporals, and Miner's transfer a seventh. On Monday, June 27, the seven were appointed. They were: C. W. Hoover, O. G. Hoover, L. G. Lasher, W. J. Carson, G. C. Cook, V. H. Plath, and L. Petersen.

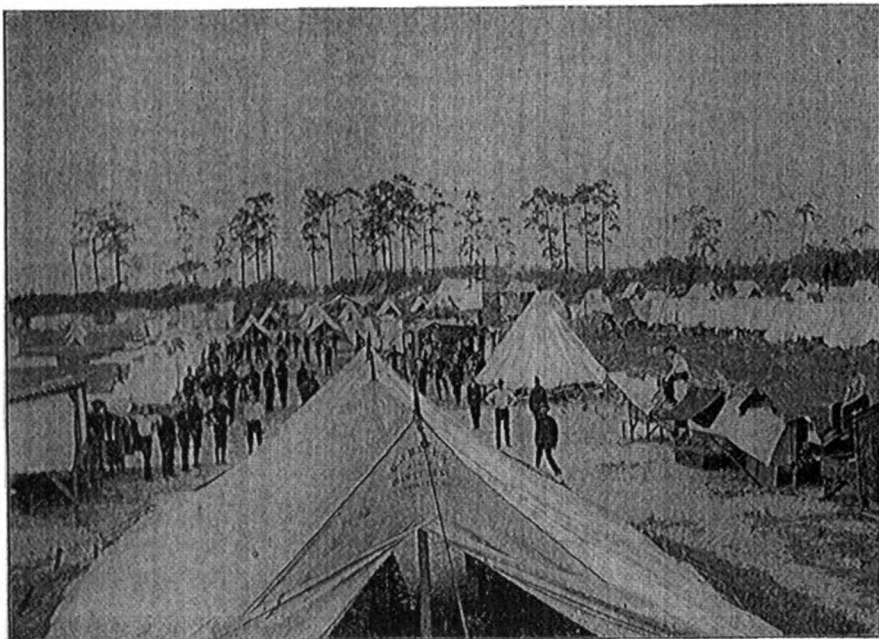
On Saturday, the seventh of July, the regimental and company streets were made mathematically straight, all the big stumps were grubbed or chopped out, long grass cut, pine trees felled, and Hogan's alley redeemed from its picturesque irregularity. The camp looked more military but not half so pleasant. Men away Saturday came into the new street after dark and didn't know whether they had lost their minds, their regiment, or their sobriety.

Gloomy rumors ran through camp Sunday evening, the third of July. It was reported that Shafter "was routed with loss of five thousand. "If the regulars are beaten, what will *we* do?" was asked despondently. "Keep at it till we *learn* to lick them!" was the grim answer. Of course, we learned next day of the great sea fight, and shared the jubilation of the nation, though, as Stephen Crane would say, there was a greenish streak of envy in our purple joy. For,

"We fall in line eight times a day,
We drill in sun and rain,
And pay five cents a day to read,
What others do to Spain."



CO. B'S STREET—FIRST CAMP.



CO. B'S STREET—LAST CAMP.

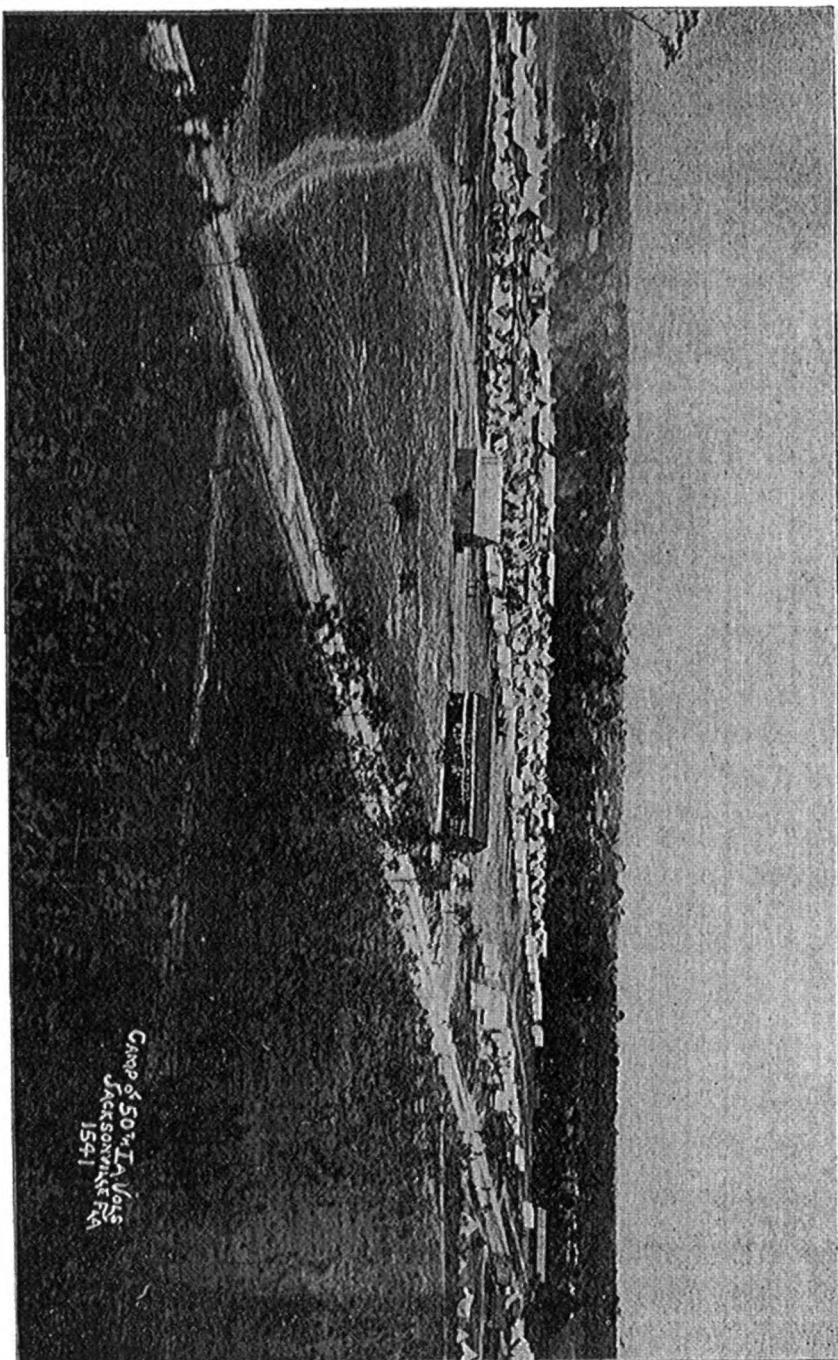
A grand parade of the whole Seventh corps had been planned for the Fourth, but it looked like rain all morning, and the parade was postponed until next day. The supper that night has already been mentioned. When the lavish board was revealed to our long expectant eyes, there were three rousing cheers and a sonorous tiger for Sergeant McBurney and the three Musqueteers, Weiss, Sharpe and Koch. Some said it was the Patriotic Relief association which had sent us the hundred, some said it was Mr. Petersen; so we cheered them both, and found out later that both deserved our cheers. Captain and Mrs. Dalzell, Major and Mrs. Tillie, Lieutenant and Mrs. Fred. B. Monroe, and Colonel Lambert were the guests of the mess. "Professor" Bill Schwartz exhibited his bear, while Manager Koch "sold tickets for the big show." By the way does Villian remember *his* bare-dance? The historian is unable to ascertain, but Lawson thinks he does.

It didn't rain on the Fourth. Can any body tell me whether it rained on the fifth? Well, never mind—No, we can't print it that way, although it's expressive. We'll simply say that it rained. The corps was out in ponchos and rubber blankets. We stood in column, waiting, and it rained. The sand was slushy with water, the pavements were submerged. 'Twenty odd regiments went past the Windsor, where General Lee and his staff had their reviewing stand. When the Fiftieth passed in double time, guide right at secure, the men on the left of platoons couldn't see the right for the sheets of rain. Call me a liar if you could find enough air to breath—the space around your nose was so full of cascading rain water. From the time we got into column the cadence never let up; we kept time, marked time, and doubled time, sometimes in six inches of water. We made some great double time around street corners, and it was great to hear on the brick pavement the single footfall of a thousand feet,—a little squidgy—but then! The regimental feeling had already struck us in Des Moines,—the feeling that the regiment's honor was our honor—the feeling that, whoever died or was killed, the regiment was indestructible. To hear your regiment keep step in double time on brick pavement gives you a delightful sense of the might and power of it—so many disciplined men acting together are irresistible if only they think so. Well, as I said, it rained. Captain Tom had the laugh on all of us, for he wore no poncho or rubber blanket. We did. Of course we were soaked, anyway, and then we had the darned wet blanket flapping at us, and tiring our arms out holding it over our shoulders. The next time Com-

pany B runs up against Noah's flood it goes unblanketed, like Captain Tom, and takes its ducking right on its blue shirt. On the whole it was good fun—afterward. Everybody stripped, and rubbed, and got on dry clothes; and the non-coms paddled about with whiskey and quinine. Vigilance was necessary to get the quinine down and keep the whiskey up.

Billy Kulp went to the hospital on July 8, and the company had no more of his sunny society. On Sunday, the tenth, we hunted alligators. Near the Old Soldiers' Home, on the St. John's, is a swamp disemboing in the St. John's. It's a hundred yards wide, full of six-foot sea-grass, and covered with six inches to two feet of water. In the middle the water is ten feet. Doughty Doty led the way to the middle. We poked around for alligators, and then saw a snake six inches in diameter. Only one coil of the brute was visible, and judging by the thickness, it must be twenty feet long. So Bill Schwartz dropped a telegraph pole on its head. The expected giant writhings of the boa constrictor did not follow. It was only a very much discouraged water mocassin full of little mocassins. It came to presently, but Bill Schwartz arranged a rope around its neck, and we boxed it. Then we heard the big alligators bellowing like bulls; and a cracker urchin, in whose back yard this swamp was, showed us the way through the thickets to their hole. It was on the bank about twenty feet from the edge of the swamp. It was an innocent looking affair, about four feet in diameter, full of water, and apparently only six inches deep. But we poked a pole into it and got bottom at fifteen. It ran down slantwise at an angle of forty-five degrees. Mr. and Mrs. Alligator were not at home. We started to find them by taking open order and going through the swamp. Some of us went knee-deep in the water, decided that it was wet, and went and got bread and milk of a nice cracker girl,—the urchin's sister. The other fellows,—Schwartz, Doty, Rosche, Kurtz, Traeger, Miller, Pfabe, Nebergall, and some more, kept floundering around till they got a little fellow,—not a ten-footer, but then,—an alligator. As a result of this expedition Bill Schwartz finally died—not big Bill, but little Bill, the alligator. The snake died too, and Rosche skinned it. He did *not* want the skin to cobble shoes with.

On Saturday, the sixteenth, the corporal in charge of quarters was honored by a personal visit from Jersey Woods, the famous hunter and fisher, now a company cook in the Second Mississippi, camped five



Camp of 50th IA 1945
Jacksonville RA
1541

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OUR LAST CAMP.

miles away, over at Panama park. Jersey and a friend of his introduced themselves to the corporal, and said it was a long time between drinks. So the corporal left some one else in charge of quarters and went over to the Fourth Illinois canteen. After waiting half an hour for the window to open, they bought and drank what the temperate corporal considered a fair allowance. Woods was scandalized, but the corporal pleaded duty. Woods was due to have supper ready at 6 o'clock, five miles away, and it was then 5. So, with injunctions to walk fast, the corporal bade the Mississippians *au revoir* and returned to quarters. The *revoir* came sooner than the corporal expected it. At 5:30, with the company lined up for retreat roll call, and each man answering "here!" Jersey and his pal came rolling in, loaded to the guards. No one knows how much beer there was inside of them. In plain sight were fourteen full bottles festooning their persons. The corporal, who was standing behind the line, gasped and made signals of distress. He steered his guests to his tent, and they pulled out bottles for five minutes. The corporal persuaded them that they were hungry, and got them off to the sutler's. Then he transferred a few of the bottles to the tents of his comrades—just few enough so their absence would pass unnoticed. At mess he tried to keep one eye on his tent. Jersey and Company, however got in somehow, unseen, and were rapidly making dead soldiers when the men came up from the mess tent. The Mississippians were very happy and generous and cordial, and the corporal introduced eight or nine of his friends. Of course, Jersey asked everybody to have one, and, of course, everybody did. A dozen men can, at a pinch, handle twelve bottles without outraging the proprieties. But it was really pathetic to see the expression on Jersey's face when he found the bottles all empty and nobody full. He wanted to send for three dozen more; or, if the rest of the corporal's company would drink with him, three hundred more. We explained sorrowfully that the canteen was now closed. (I hope for the sake of our veracity that it was.) We also regretted to say that our tyrannical officers—Lieutenant Jim had limped down from his tent to help tide over the emergency—that our d— d— officers wouldn't allow us to have our friends sleep with us. Also that our d— d— d— sentinels arrested everybody who tried to get out after 7 o'clock, and the only way to keep out of the guard house was to go at once. Lord forgive us the lies we told that delightful giant with his tender heart and hard muscles! It seemed to him the most natural thing in the

world to walk into a company's quarters and get it drunk. Discipline was an idea which his big, innocent mind had never entertained,—it was no use arguing that way at all. We didn't want to hurt his feelings; for, in the first place, he was a royal good fellow, and in the second, he was six feet three, weighed two-thirty, and was as hard as iron.

He told us that he was out one night, after taps, with four or five comrades, and the sentry wouldn't let them in. They didn't know what to do, but Jersey said, narrating: "I tol 'em I'd hold the guard 'n they cud go in. So I held him and they ran in."

"You held him?"

"Yeah."

"How was that?"

"Jest held him."

"Didn't he call the corporal?"

"Nao: not till the boys was in. I held his mionth shet till they 'uns was in."

"Well what happened to you? Didn't you get caught? How did you get away?"

"Oh, I went back to the woods and stayed all night."

You couldn't get him to make a story of it. He just told it as a very ordinary fact. But to march up and hold a man with a bayoneted rifle, who has thirty other men within call, to get past his charged bayonet, hold him, and "hold his mionth shet," would not, to most men, be quite so simple. Jersey joined his regiment in a day or two, and was not disciplined. In the first place, the Mississippians, officers and men, were by no means pedantically military; in the second, everybody liked Jersey; in the third, everybody was afraid of him; in the fourth, he was not afraid of anything that lives; and, in the fifth, his life had been spent camping, and he was an "out of sight cook," whose eccentricities must be condoned. There are a dozen Jersey stories, but space is lacking.

Lieutenant McManus returned to duty on Sunday, July 24; and on that day, Dr. Kulp came down from Davenport to look after Will, who was then a very sick man, having been in the hospital seventeen days. Dr. Kulp was a week in Jacksonville and at the end of that time, Will having been granted sick furlough, father and son went north, where "little Doctor Kulp" had a slow but steady convalescence.

Next day Company B was detailed to serve for a week as brigade patrol. It now became our duty to arrest soldiers found in the country around camp without authority in shape of a pass. There had been some complaints from citizens that the soldiers were trespassing and stealing fruit and poultry. National Guardsmen call it not stealing, but foraging. The distinction is without a difference; and further, we were now very decidedly not in the guard. The strictest orders were issued against trespassing and pillage. The matter is covered in a red-hot article of war, to which the men's attention was invited. Finally the patrol was put on to make sure; and to make sure for miles and miles, the orders were to arrest all soldiers near our lines without passes. These lines covered the country from a point due west of our regiment over a big quarter circle to a point in the north. The company was divided into two platoons, which relieved each other every six hours. Each platoon was divided into five squads, having from six to ten men, each squad, under its corporal, having a definite post or section of the country to watch. There were two or three men constantly on watch, one every two or three hundred yards. There were a good many arrests, some funny ones, and some very pleasant experiences with the inhabitants in the vicinity of the posts. The squad on Post No. 3 is shown in the illustration in front of an old darky preacher's house. One of his women folks made delicious corn-bread, and served it very cheaply to the men of the squad. When it rained the squad headquarters were, by the old gentleman's invitation, moved from under the trees into his house. There were a dozen darky cabins within sight. Four men and the corporal sat under a tree, on chairs borrowed from the kind old preacher, while two men were out on post. One was posted two hundred yards south near the railroad which ran eastward to the river. The other was two hundred yards north. One day a Virginia Methodist preacher, who had enlisted, started to cross the line with two fellow soldiers, carrying fish-poles and their Springfields. They were going shooting; their captain had winked at their taking their rifles, and had given them passes. But the patrol had orders to take all weapons whatever from soldiers, so they had to leave their rifles, which were sent in to Captain Dalzell, whose headquarters were now at the guard house of the Fourth Illinois. The preacher tried to preach us into letting him keep his rifle, but we were there to obey orders. Another time, seven Virginians under a first sergeant came out in a wagon to get sand. They were shoveling blithely away

when Herman Miller arrested them and brought them up to the corporal at Post No. 3.

"No, they had no passes—didn't know they had to have any."

"Did they want to send the driver in for one—it would save their going to the guard house?"

"Well, I should say so." They sat around for half an hour and entertained the squad. They were merry-hearted fellows, who kept up a running fire of witty comment on their situation. One of them said when he went to the guard house he wanted to go there for getting good and drunk and raising h—l. He didn't want to go for shoveling sand,—no satisfaction in that. The driver finally came back with a pass signed by a lieutenant. Company passes didn't go, so we had to march them off to the guard house, wishing them good luck and good-bye. Of course they were soon released, but his company geyed the first sergeant half to death.

The Second New Jersey men were the ugliest at being arrested. They were an Irish regiment, and, consequently, Tommy Owens liked nothing better than to bring them in. Some meditated resistance, but looked at the bayonets and thought better of it. When a man was grouchy and refused to give his name there was some satisfaction in arresting him. Some fellows we were sorry for, they drifted out there innocently and would have done no harm. But *ignorantia legis neminem excusat*.

Corporal Louis Petersen, on Post No. 1, had a number of experiences. His post lay along two main lines of travel, the north bound railroad and the shell road. He had nine men, four near a house on the railroad, four near another house on the shell road and one man between. In the house near the railroad lived a pleasant Illinois schoolm'am who kept a cow and gave the boys buttermilk. Then the railroaders crowed over the shell-roaders. But in the house by the shell road lived a cracker dress-maker who kept chickens, and one fine day she cooked some tender ones and some corn-cake for the shell-roaders. Then *they* crowed. Then somebody surreptitiously milked the schoolm'am's cow, and, suspecting the railroaders, she gave them no more buttermilk. Corporal Louis, however, refuses to believe that his men milked that cow. One day an ex-regular tried to make Louis believe that his "buzzard" (discharge paper) from the Tenth United States Infantry entitled him to go through the lines. But it didn't. Another time a Rough Rider (from Torey's Second United States Volun-



COOK SHACK IN OUR NEW QUARTERS.



KITCHEN POLICE AT WORK.

teer Cavalry, stationed out at Panama) tried to ride through toward town, close behind a couple of officers. Sparbel stopped him and called the corporal. The cavalryman said he was with the officers. "Then why don't they stop and see you through?" asked guileless Louis. Not being able to explain why, the cavalryman was sent in to see if he could explain to Captain Tom. He started to mount, but was stopped by Sparbel, "and had to walk beside his horse, and not ride, and you can imagine," says Louis, who was three years in the United States cavalry, "how a cav'ryman feels when he is made walk by a infan'yman when he have his horse along." After this a log-train came booming along from Panama—huge tree trunks bound together upon wheeled trucks under the ends. On this train was a Mississippian who was going to town, patrol or no patrol. It is really a delightful way to run a guard line—on a fast moving train—and the Mississippian revelled in the situation. He leaned over and shouted to Louis: "You blank-ety blank blanked blank! you can go to h—. I'm going to town." But just then the train stopped, and Louis, running up, politely asked to see the gentleman's pass. The Mississippian was cursing Fate when he went to the guard house.

It was the bee and the elephant over again when Midget McKown gravely marched into camp with three burly Illinoisians whom he had arrested.

An extract from a letter of Corporal Petersen will explain itself:

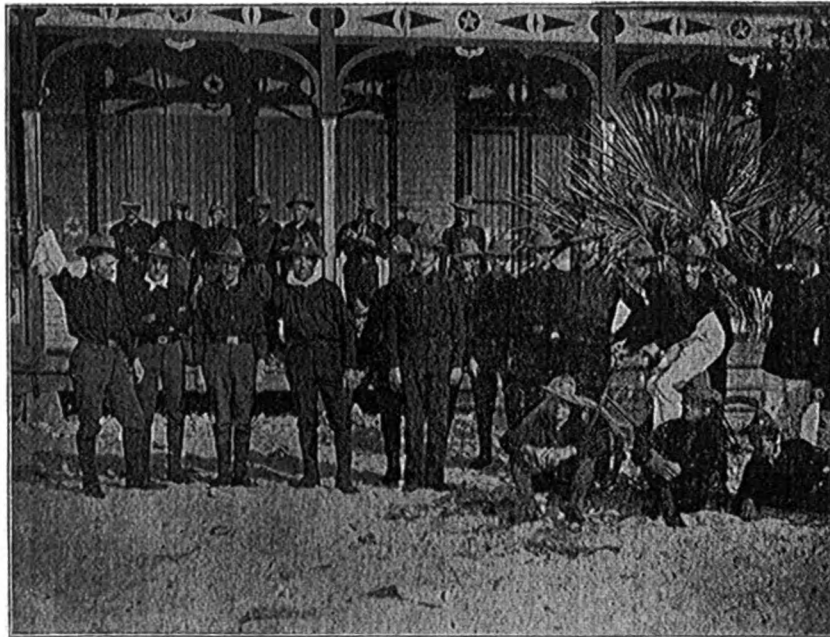
"One day, while we were on duty at the shell road, Col. Bryan, of the Third Nebraska regiment, was going to Jacksonville, mounted on his horse, in a uniform consisting of a pair of overalls, a citizen shirt and a campaign hat. There was nothing at all about his uniform to indicate that he was an officer. One of my men halted him, supposing him to be an enlisted man of the Second United States Volunteer Cavalry. I recognized the colonel, and after he was released, he said: 'I wish I had as good men in my regiment as this guard is. He is doing his duty, and I am very thankful to you boys for what you have done for me, for I have learned something.' He then asked us if ever we got to his camp to come and make him a call—he would be pleased to see us. Just then a private of Bryan's regiment came along, and he had no pass, but the colonel stayed and said to me, 'this man has my consent to go to town, but as we didn't know about the provost guard we gave no passes, but let the boys go without,' and Bryan took the private in his charge, and both left happy. I don't remember which

of the boys it was who took Bryan, but I believe it was Doty or Sparbel."

The military ignorance and the kindness of the famous William Jennings appear clearly enough in the simple narrative.

The other companies of the regiment moved camp on Monday, the 1st of August. Company B, being still on patrol, could not move with the others. We were relieved that night, however, by a company of the First Wisconsin, and coming into the old camp, found the ground hitherto occupied by the other companies as bare as an old bone. Not a vestige of its recent occupation was left; and Company B's tents stood out, prominently alone. It was very pleasant to have no restricting guard-line around us. We strolled over the difficult old places just for the fun of passing them unchallenged. Mess tent, kitchen, chests, hammocks, tent floors, tents, poles, bundles of pegs, camp stools, improvised arm racks, odd lumber, clothes lines; the blanket rolls, canteens, haversacks, belts, bayonets, and rifles of those with the wagons, all were piled into the wagons. The shacks themselves, some of them two-story ones, were loaded on. One of them looked like a cage on a circus wagon. Bob Osborne, craning his long neck out of the cage, was giraffe, and Jock exhibited him all along the route. But the great feat of the day was moving the big Company B bath house on a wagon. It was ten feet high, ten wide and twenty long and weighed, anyhow, a ton and a half. By means of ropes and poles and the muscle of sixty men, it was upset onto an army wagon, upon which two-inch boards were laid lengthwise. Speth acted as wagoner, but it was Company C's six-mule team and driver. This driver, a civilian, of course, had his leggings on backward; and Bob Osborne, seeing the hoodoo, swore they'd never get that bath house over there. It was about the biggest wagon load ever hauled, and as the wagon cleared the camp and struck a ditch there was a crash. Part of the side upon which it rested had given away, and let the whole thing down on the hind wheels. But they boosted her up, and stuck under her a two-inch board, crosswise from wheel to wheel, and went ahead. The bath house was worth the trouble. Its use saved hospital room and funeral expenses.

It was time the old camp was moved. We should have been out of there just six weeks sooner, after the first heavy rain. The ground being low and flat, there was no way of draining off the water. In vain we dug ditches six feet deep at one end. The water merely stood



AT MAYPORT HOTEL.



AN OUTING AT MAYPORT, FLA.

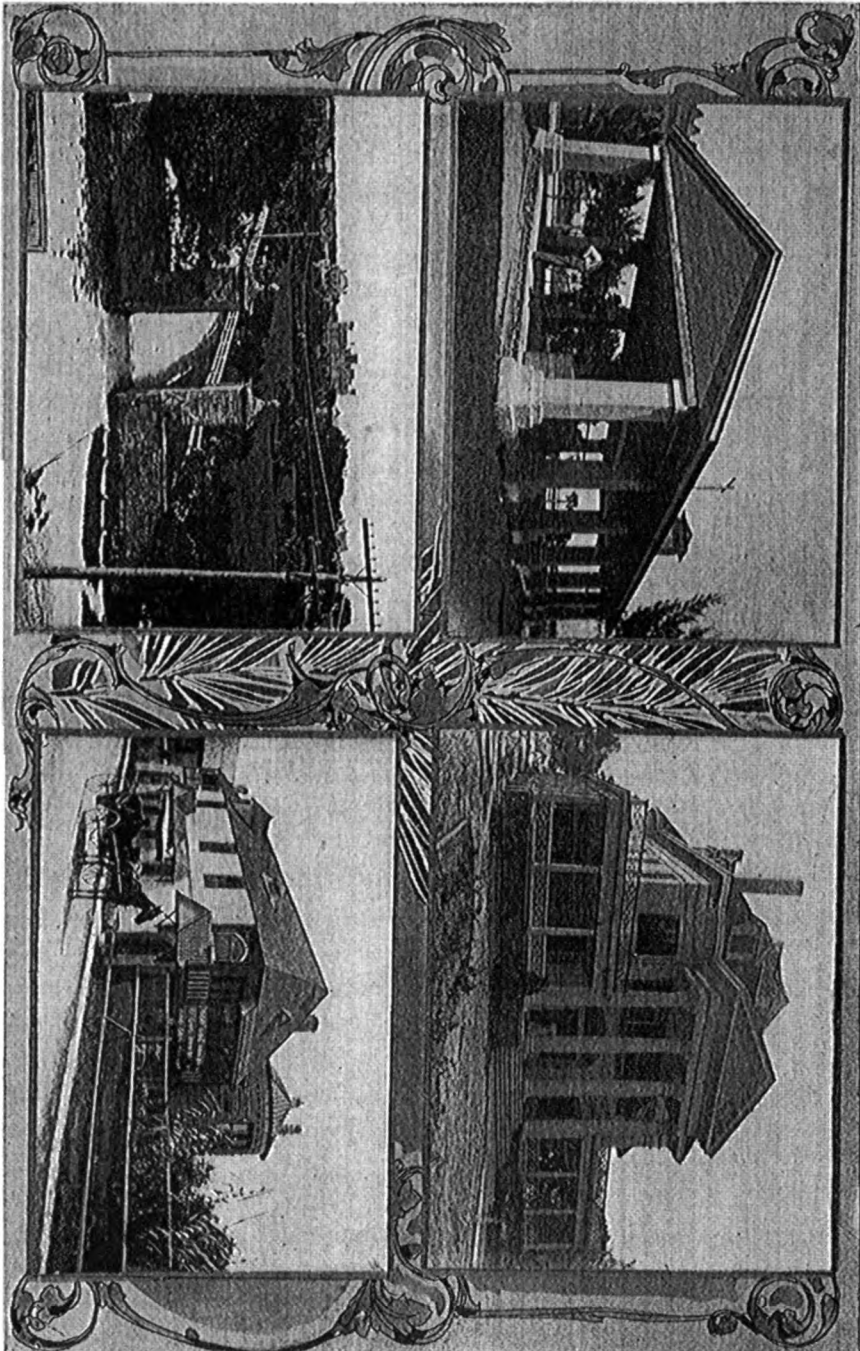
six feet deep. The soil was not sand, but hardpan,—packed, black earth that held water indefinitely. After a rain, the water was one or two inches deep over the company street, and a foot and a half in the southeast corner of camp. The pictures of the colonel's tent and cook shack tell their own story. We built an island for the mess tent and kitchen, being forced, however, by the lack of wagons, to leave around our island deep pools, which were soon covered with green scum, and lay there rotting in the sun. Before we built the island, we stood ankle deep in water at meals. I do not know who is responsible for keeping the brigade there. Colonel Jackson reported after the first heavy rain that the camp was unsuitable. How very unsuitable it was I do not think he realized. Our lieutenant-surgeons reported week after week upon the unsanitary condition of things behind the kitchens. These reports were neatly endorsed and pigeon-holed. It's all over now though, and there's no use rattling the bones. If we have another war we'll go through precisely the same thing again. The veterans of the civil war sniff at criticism of our army camps and grunt out, "Soldiers must die." To be sure, and cheerfully,—*when necessary*. But that things were scandalously mismanaged in '61 is no justification for mismanagement in '98. In '98 we had the whole friendly continent to camp in, and thirty-eight years of medical development to devote to sickness and sanitation. A good deal may be attributed to inexperience, but a great deal must be attributed to lack of intelligence, energy and sense of duty on the part of high officers. When a man, soldier or civilian, lays down his life for a great end it ennobles his nation and the world. When men's lives are sacrificed through lazy brutality it degrades.

Well, the new camp was better. It was high, sloping, sandy and treeless. The sickness which developed there so rapidly through the month of August was simply the result of our old surroundings. Two weeks after we got into the new camp there was an official investigation of the sanitary, or rather of the unsanitary, condition of the old one. A lieutenant-surgeon and two hospital stewards were trying to locate the first case of typhoid fever and the cause of it. Sergeant Leonardy was detailed by Adjutant Goedecke to assist the stewards and answer their questions. He had to describe the old camp, tell how far the sinks were from the kitchens, how far the bath house was from the sinks, how many men there were in each tent, how green the pools were, and how many cubic feet of liquid daily leaked out of the

old slop-barrels. The investigation revealed that the first case of typhoid fever was Private B. Mendenhall's, of Company L. I suppose that knowledge gave the authorities much satisfaction, but to unprofessional people the investigation was much like locking the stable door after the calf was stolen.

On August 21, General Lee sent a telegram to Senator Gear, saying that the condition of the Fiftieth Iowa had been greatly exaggerated in the reports which had reached the state. He stated that the regiment had on that day but seventy-six in the hospital and sixty-four sick in quarters. The general probably instructed somebody to have somebody else send an orderly to so-and-so with instructions to have so-and-so report number of sick in regiment. Then so-and-so looks at the regimental sick books and finds one hundred and thirty-four sick, and that is the official figure sent to Senator Gear. On the twenty-fifth, however, the *company* sick book of "B" showed nine sick in hospital and sixteen in quarters. The regimental book softened these figures to five in hospital and six in quarters. The regimental book showed eleven sick, the company book showed thirty-four, and there were a dozen half-sick men not on the company book. On the same day a regimental medical officer stated privately that forty per cent. of the regiment was unfit for duty. Two weeks latter it was sixty per cent. Men recuperating at Pablo beach were carried on the books as being on special duty. A company of the First Wisconsin, which had shared the swamp with us, were hard hit by the typhoid. Seventeen of their men had died up to August 21,—the regimental flag was always at half mast, funeral escort duty was as regular as guard mount, and the company turned out three fours instead of eleven.

The names of our dangerously sick in the latter part of August and in September would comprise half the company roster—and nobody was wholly well. The meaning of the half-masted flag came home bitterly to the boys and those at home, when on Friday, August 19, Walter G. Nagel died in the Second Division hospital of typhoid fever. His father had left Davenport the night before, accompanied by Miss Edith Risley, but unfortunately they could not arrive in time. Nagel was one of the best soldiers, one of the best-liked and brightest men in the company,—a college man and a journalist of great promise—who at the age of twenty-three had already done excellent work in his profession.



THE OLD SLAVE MARKET.
THE REMAINS OF THE SPANISH WALL.

ST. AUGUSTINE VIEWS.

A TYPICAL SOUTHERN HOME.
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The newspaper men of Davenport met and appointed a committee to call upon the bereaved family and tender the sympathy and assistance of newspaper men in any capacity in which they might be of service. Another committee drew up resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, as follows:—

“ Prompted by sentiments of patriotism, Walter G. Nagel, in response to his country’s call for defenders, offered his life upon the altar. While in line of duty he was stricken. Inasmuch as he was actively engaged as a newspaper man upon the Davenport Daily Republican at the time of his enlistment, and had been for a period of two years, it was deemed fitting and appropriate that we, the representatives of the newspapers of the city of Davenport, offer an humble tribute to his memory.

“ Recognizing in him a man of sterling qualities—pure in character, noble in purpose—it is with the deepest regret that we learn of his demise. His enlistment in Company B of the Fiftieth Iowa Volunteers was but an illustration of the inward promptings of his nature. As a newspaper man, he was prompt, faithful, and true—a soldier, he placed his life in the keeping of the Father who gave, and bowed to His immutable will.

“ While death was not from wounds received upon the field of battle, yet in line of duty he fell, and not the less glorious is the sacred halo which surrounds the memory of this hero. Therefore,

“ While to those who knew and loved him best—to his mother, bowed with her awful grief; to his father, who watched and guarded him in his youth, and to whom he was an honor in manhood; to those whose love he had enshrined in his manly heart, we can offer no consolation, yet we come with this our tribute:

“ Resolved: That in the death of Walter G. Nagel the community has lost a young man who was an honor to it; that the press has lost one of its brightest and best representatives; that the nation has lost one of her bravest and truest sons. ”

“ S. W. SEARLE,

“ F. J. B. HUOT,

“ S. D. COOK. ”

So wrote his friends and fellow workers, the newspaper men of Davenport. His soldier comrades silently thanked them for those words. The bond of soldier life together is even closer than the bonds of daily work. In camp, every man’s character is shown with start-

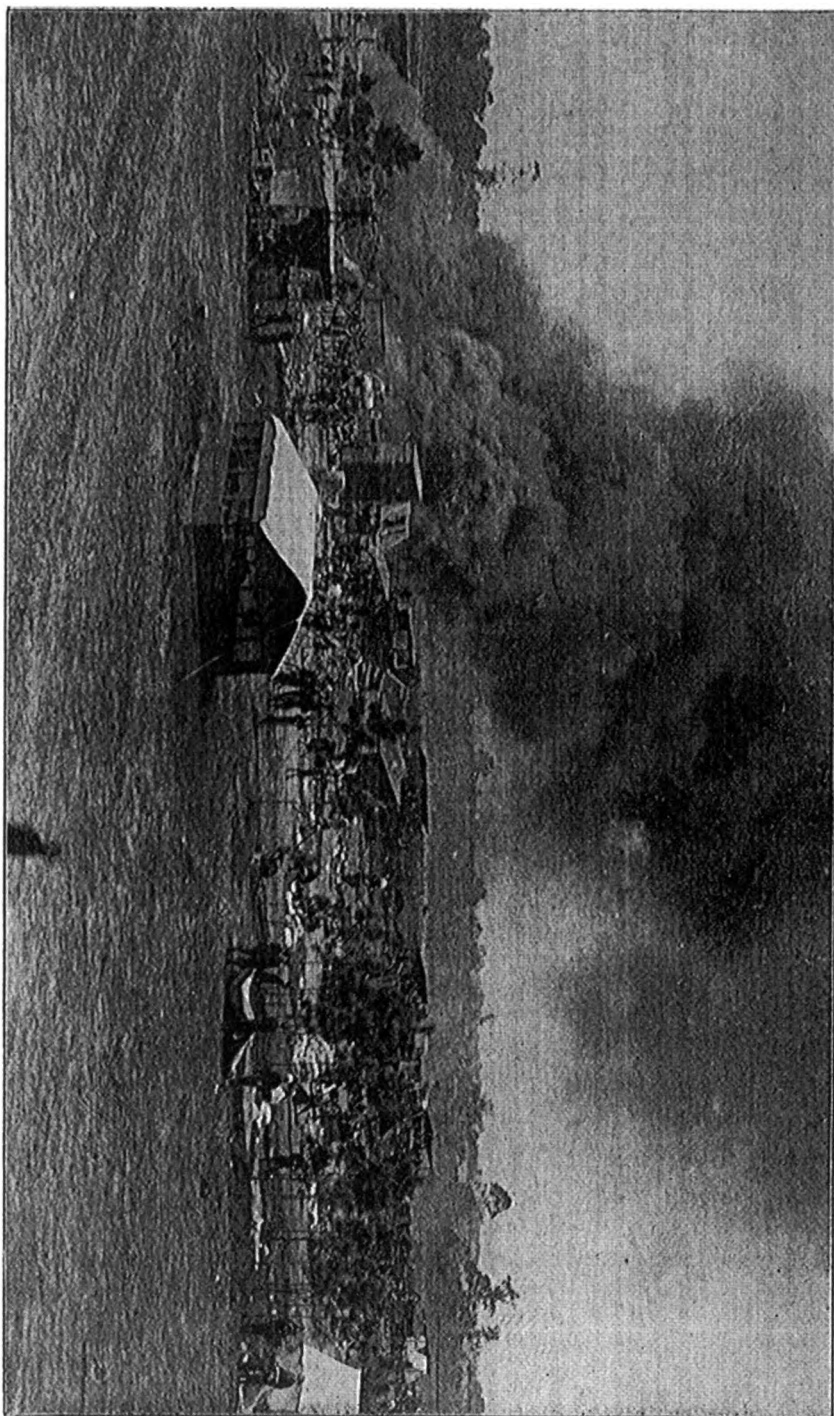
ling distinctness through all surface polish and accidents of breeding. The four or five essential traits of a man,—his courage and kindness, his temperance and truth,—these come to an infallible test, and by that constant test of mess and bunk and drill and fun and sickness, Nagel was tried by his comrades and found not wanting. The things they said were simple, but they came from each man's heart. There was hardly anyone there who did not know that, while he himself went on living, a better man than he had died.

On Sunday the company fell in without arms and escorted the body to the station, whence it was to be carried to Oakdale in Davenport. The boys filed past the coffin, one by one, and saw him lying beautiful in the perfect peace of death. Bobbie Sindt blew "taps," and the soul of the boy was in the lovely notes which yearned and prayed. The hearse moved slowly down the Sabbath street followed by the company, marching very slowly and faultlessly to the solemn beat of a single muffled drum. The armed firing squad was to the right and left of the hearse, the band of the Fiftieth preceded it. Three or four times they played slow and powerful music, which being heard under those circumstances, voiced for us the wonder and mystery and sadness of death—"vast and well-veiled Death"—which comes "in the day, in the night, to all, to each, sooner or later, delicate death."

Another soldier's funeral escort preceded us to the station, and we passed still another which was returning. Mr. Nagel, at the station, passed down the line and pressed the white-gloved hand of every man in the company. It was pitiful beyond words to see him.

Private Robert Risley was furloughed and accompanied the coffin home. And so we had done the last thing we could do for Walter Nagel, except remember him to the ends of our days as the pattern of a man and soldier.

The peace protocol had been signed, the fighting was over, we had missed it. As long as we had a faint hope of movement and action, the men kept up; each one was interested in fitting himself to play his part in possible great events. But now came disillusion. It was all over, others wore the laurel, we the rue. It was very thoughtful of President McKinley to say that we too had done our duty and were entitled to equal credit. Roosevelt, who must have been the best man to serve under who ever lived, said the same thing of the Rough Rider squadron which remained at Tampa. The consolation was kind,



BREAKING CAMP AT CAMP CUBA LIBRE.

but not wholly effectual. Had we been perfect soldiers of the German and English type, it would have been ours not to reason why. We would have waited, or fought, imperturbably, according to orders. But blind obedience, be it a good or bad quality, is not in the American soldier. Obedience yes, but it is open-eyed obedience that reasons and sees why.

Consequently,—the war practically over, no active service to hope for, sickness honey-combing the regiment,—discipline began to relax. Guard duty was no longer done with precision. The business men at home were working to have the regiment brought north for recuperation. Then came news that a hundred thousand volunteers were to be mustered out. It was left to the regiment itself to determine whether to go north or stay in Jacksonville. Most of the men wanted to go north, most of the officers wanted to stay. The discussion was unsoldierly, but the regiment cannot be criticised for entering upon it. Brigade headquarters ordered the regiment to find out what its own wish was, and the process of finding out necessitated votings and discussions. The following telegram bears on the point: "Washington, D. C., August 22, 1898. Mayor George T. Baker, Davenport, Iowa:—The request for the removal of Fiftieth Iowa regiment should originate with the officers and men. If they desire this, I can co-operate. Will promptly inquire as to need of trained nurses and medical attention.

"JAMES WILSON, Secretary of Agriculture."

On Saturday, the twentieth, telegraphic orders were received from the war department to grant Privates Alfred VanPatten and John Chambers honorable discharges; and Monday evening, they left for the north. No men in the company were more anxious to get to the front as long as there was any front. Chambers had been company clerk, then with VanPatten had guarded the regimental colors carried by McBurney, and then had been sent, together with a corporal of "K," to take a prisoner to the military prison at Fort Leavenworth. The penalty for letting a prisoner escape is imprisonment. This prisoner did not escape. VanPatten had declined the position of mounted orderly to General Lee. As the two passed through the streets of Jacksonville with their discharges in their pockets, they had great fun with the provost guards. These guards had orders to make soldiers on the street keep their blue shirts buttoned at the neck. Van and Cham. left them conspicuously unbuttoned.

"Button up your shirt," said a guard.

"It's too hot," said Cham.

"Why,—why,—it's orders," gasped the guard, in blank amazement at being disobeyed.

"Orders be d—d," said the ex-soldier.

Then the guard, being a rookie, and a man of no determination, stood with his mouth open, staring helplessly after those high-handed law-breakers.

The entertaining performance being repeated with another guard, he got angry, called the corporal, who likewise got angry, and when he gave orders to march them off to "Hotel Peek-a-boo," Van and Cham., calmly producing their "buzzards," told the irate corporal to go to Jacksonville. They walked away, exploding with laughter, and the foolish look on that corporal's face was a study.

On the twenty-seventh, Sergeant Burmeister rejoined the company after a long siege of serious sickness in Davenport, where he had gone on recruiting service, June 11.

On September 3, Captain Dalzell telegraphed Mayor Baker: "Use all possible means to get regiment moved quickly. Sickness steadily increasing. Company B has twenty hospital cases, five new ones today. Can you send us reliable person to assist in looking after the wants of sick men?"

It had already been decided to move the regiment north, and it was simply a question as to how quickly it could be done. On September 1, Cantwell's letter to The Democrat shows that of Company B's one hundred and six men, five sick men were at Pablo beach, fifteen in hospital, nineteen in quarters, two in the city and two north on furlough. Bob Osborne at this time won golden opinions for his care of the sick in quarters. With them he was as gentle, patient and painstaking as Company B's good angels, Mrs. Dalzell and Mrs. Hender, who worked night and day caring for the sick. Somebody printed a disparaging remark about Captain Dalzell in one of the Davenport papers. The company rallied in an instant to their leader's support, and had they discovered him, they would have kangarooed the writer of that remark.

How cut up the company was by sickness may be seen from the fact that in a review of the Seventh corps held August 30, Company B could turn out but twenty-six men. The newspaper files for the first two weeks of September show the details of the process of caring for the sick and getting them home. L. A. Dilley came down to Jackson-



MAJOR THOMAS O. DALZELL.

ville as Davenport's personal representative, with carte blanche to do everything necessary for both the sick and well among the Davenport boys.

Saturday night, September 10, Company B lost its second member by death. John Schroeder, whose home was seven or eight miles from Davenport on the Jersey Ridge road, joined the company at Jacksonville, June 24, and quietly performed all his duties until September 1, when he went on sick report, and for three days was sick in quarters, "in line of duty." On the fourth of September, typhoid having developed, he was transferred to the Second Division hospital, and after a sickness of only ten days, death came suddenly and unexpectedly as the result of a perforation. He was buried at Davenport, and as one of the four who "gave all they had to their country," his memory will ever be honored by his comrades of Company B.

On the thirteenth, the paper work having been completed and the red tape unrolled, the Fiftieth broke camp. How many little typhoid fever bugs must have met an unlamented death in that thick cloud of smoke which went up from burning bedding and superfluous effects—the tag-rag and bob-tail of a permanent camp! In spite of all the sickness and death and monotony endured on that spot, there is still a kind of homesickness in looking back to it. Many a word of soldier wit and pathos was spoken there, many an unspoken hope and thought is linked with the sight of those "telegraph poles mit vitskers," many a starlight night and crimson dawn was beautiful there for us. The regiment left Jacksonville at noon, and after doing nothing for so long, the four days' trip to Des Moines was pleasant to the remnant of Company B which had its health. The engine didn't have so much to pull coming back, the men were so thin. It is estimated pretty closely that the company had lost three thousand four hundred and forty pounds since it first left Davenport. On Saturday, the seventeenth, the regiment reached Des Moines. All the way through Illinois and Iowa, until they reached Des Moines, the boys were warmly welcomed. In Des Moines no one paid the slightest attention to the soldiers, their comfort or even their necessities. Nothing to eat had been prepared for them, so that what they ate the first day they paid for themselves. Don't talk Des Moines to us—we won't have it.

After the regiment left Jacksonville, O. A. Landy, private of Company B, took Mr. Dilley's place as Davenport's representative in caring for the men too sick to come north. These were Olin G. Hoover,

Gustav B. LeGrande, Miller, Kurtz, Bullock, Gosch, Price, Rosche and Kahles. The hospital was so far improved by this time in every respect, that nothing more could have been done than was done for these men. In spite of all care, however, two more of the boys lay down their lives in the service of their country. Corporal Olin G. Hoover, an old member of the company, who, in April, had given up a good position in Chicago to come back to Davenport and re-enlist for the war, died of typhoid fever in the Second Division hospital on September 19, two days after the regiment had reached Des Moines. The body was sent to the family home in Evanston, Illinois, whence the funeral took place. Gustav Bernhard LeGrande, of Valley City, died the twenty-fifth of September, at 2 p. m., of typhoid fever in the Second Division hospital. He was buried at his home in Valley City on the twenty-ninth. The company, being then home on furlough, went out to attend the funeral, "taking with them so many floral offerings that the bereaved family could have no doubt of the sincerity of the tribute paid to the dead soldier."

The Saturday that the well, or the theoretically well, men of the regiment reached Des Moines, the sick of Company B were, through the efforts of Davenporters, brought directly home instead of to Des Moines. "Two agents of the people of Davenport went several hundred miles down the road to meet the train, and supplied its barren hospital cars with the stores for which the men of all the companies of the regiment were languishing." These representatives of Davenport were W. D. Petersen and B. F. Tillinghast, who met the train at Lafayette, Indiana. They succeeded, with the help of citizens at home, in getting the cars of the sick switched off the Northwestern at DeWitt. There were two hospital sleepers full of fever-wasted high-temperated men, and they ran over into the day coaches.

When the train reached Davenport, carriages and ambulances were assembled at the Milwaukee depot. Captain Dalzell, Lieutenant McManus, Koch, Weiss, Carson, Wohnrade, Sonntag, Reynolds, Sharpe, Fisher, Colony, and Fidler were the dozen Davenporters taken from this train to the hospital or their homes. Of course, this was nothing like the full number of very sick men, many of whom had come home previously, and several of whom came down with fever after returning from Des Moines. But Davenport did her very best for her own sick and those from other places. Nor is there anything much better than Davenport's best.



JULIUS E. BURMEISTER
Company "E", 1st Infantry



JAMES M. MCMANUS
Company "E", 1st Infantry



EDWARD J. MIDDLETON
Company "E", 1st Infantry

PRESENT OFFICERS OF CO. B

On September 20, what was left from Company B came back home on a thirty-day furlough. Sergeant Leonardy and three men were left in Des Moines to look after the regimental government property. When at 6:30, Company B reached the home it left on April 23, they were a worn and sorry lot,—it was all over, and they had not seen a Spaniard. But as the boys marched down Perry, over Second, and up Main to the Armory, escorted by the "Daily Blues," a glance revealed that these thin, brown men were soldiers. Their column of fours was an elastic unit with fixed intervals, every man of them stepped just thirty inches twice a second, and he did it without thinking of it, unconsciously, tirelessly. Tight blanket roll, canteen and haversack were on him like his blouse, as part of him. He could march like that till the cows came home, in rain or shine, in heat or cold, fed or hungry—no matter—that cadence wouldn't fail if the column moved all day and all night. His baptism of fire had never come, but marching up Main street there, in the dusk of that September day, was nevertheless a very perfect and effective fighting machine. In spite of all blunders and original inexperience, these men were soldiers who knew their business. They could have gone open order up San Juan as well as they swung that column through our city streets.

The company returned to Des Moines on November 1 and passed a disagreeable month there, being finally mustered out of the United States service on November 30, six and a half months after they were mustered in, seven months and one week from the time they were mobilized for the Spanish war.

The company is now reorganized as "B" of the Fiftieth regiment, I. N. G., with Captain James M. McManus, First Lieutenant J. E. Burmeister and Second Lieutenant E. D. Middleton as company officers. Captain T. C. Dalzell has become Major Dalzell in command of Second battalion. The company history begins with the veteran soldiers of '65, and now again its ranks are full of men who know what real soldiering is. Six of the old "B" boys are now in the Philippines, and several more are going. Tommy Owens—shrewd, witty, reckless, Irish soldierman—is with the Fourth; Lasher, Carson and Proctor with the Twelfth; Haney and Witt with the Nineteenth. Lasher was made corporal within two weeks after he joined the regulars. Company B, as it is now organized in Davenport, is better trained than most of the companies of Uncle Sam's regulars, these being now filled with rookies, who have had less training than that of Company B's camp life at Des Moines and Jacksonville.

In Memoriam



WALTER G. NAGEL,

DIED AT CAMP OUBA LIBRE,

AUGUST 19, 1898.

In Memoriam



JOHN SCHROEDER,

DIED AT CAMP OUBA LIBRE,

SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

In Memoriam

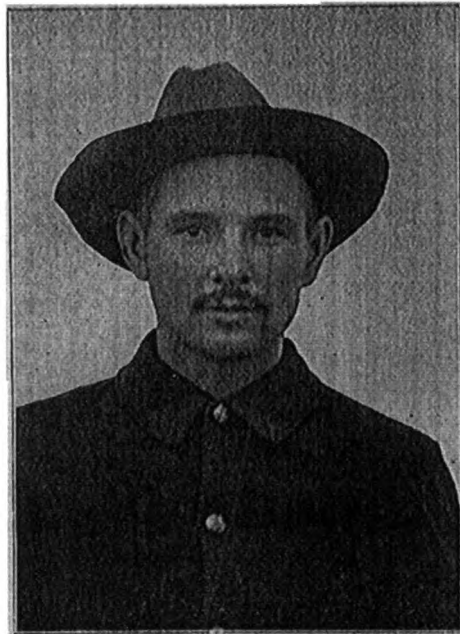


OLIN G. HOOVER,

DIED AT CAMP CUBA LIBRE,

SEPTEMBER 19, 1898.

In Memoriam



GUSTAV B. LEGRANDE,

DIED AT CAMP CUBA LIBRE,

SEPTEMBER 25, 1898.

The following is a complete roster of Company B, Fiftieth regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry:

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Captain, Thomas C. Dalzell.

First Lieutenant, Alfred B. Hender.

Second Lieutenant, James M. McManus.

SERGEANTS.

First, Albert A. Roe.

Q. M., Julius E. Burmeister.

Edward D. Middleton.

Henry G. McBurney.

John P. Leonardy.

Emil Schmidt.

CORPORALS.

Frank S. Fidler.

DeForrest C. McCollister.

James A. Taylor.

George H. Greene.

Francis J. Parker.

John A. Miner.

Transferred U. S. Signal corps.

Charles W. Hoover.

Olin G. Hoover.

Died September 19, 1898.

Louis G. Lasher.

William J. Carson.

George C. Cook.

Discharged September 10, 1898.

Victor H. Platt.

Louis Peterson.

William F. Weiss.

James D. Mason.

Hamilton F. Gronen.

MUSICIANS.

Robert R. Sindt.

Phillip A. Sonntag.

ARTIFICER.

Layton R. Ackley.

WAGONER.

Emil A. Speth.

PRIVATES.

Alford, Frank H.

Attwater, Frank

Baker, David S.

Beesley, Hedley

Bowman, Fred L.

Bruhn, Ernest E.

Bullack, Claude J.

Busch, August

Cantwell, James Y.

Transferred to Hospital Corps.

Chambers, John D.

Discharged August 20, 1898.

Colony, Philo C.

Corry, William H.

Craik, Alex L.

Transferred to Hospital Corps.

Doty, Jessie L.

Evers, Daniel F.

Finger, Carl F.

Fisher, William F.

Gosch, William H.

Grilk, Arthur C.

Groenwaldt, Henry

Hass, Albert

Haney, Edward

Hoag, Harry N.

Hoelt, Henry, Jr.

Huss, Rudolph

Johannsen, August

Kahles, Adolph, Jr.

Koch, Hugo V.

Kulp, Oliver W.

Kurtz, Edgar M.

Landy Ole A.
 Lane, Frank
 Lantry, Charles B.
 Lawson, Joseph
 LeGrande, Gustav B.
 Died September 25, 1898.
 Lepper, Charles D. E.
 Martin, George H.
 McKown, Harry T.
 Meier, Henry
 Miller, Herman H.
 Miller, Marshall
 Muhs, William
 Nagel, Walter G.
 Died August 19, 1898.
 Nebergall, Edward L.
 Osborne, Robert P.
 Owens, Thomas F.
 Pahl, Max
 Parker, Albert M.
 Paulsen, Peter
 Pfabe, Harry
 Price, Obed K.
 Proctor, Alfred
 Reavy, Edward
 Reynolds, Charles
 Risley, Robert
 Rhoades, John

Rohde, Carl A.
 Rosche, Theodore H.
 Schick, Fred
 Schmidt, Herman T.
 Schmidt, Andy W.
 Schmidt, Paul
 Schmidt, John A.
 Schroeder, John
 Died September 10, 1898.
 Schroeder, Eddie
 Schwartz, William
 Sharpe, Walter I.
 Siegrist, Martin
 Smith, Peter L.
 Sparbel, Ernest
 Spelletich, Felix
 Stebens, Charles
 Thompson, Charles
 Traeger, Fred
 VanPatten, Alfred S.
 Discharged August 20, 1898.
 Villian, Edward H.
 Vollmer, Fred
 Wohnrade, Henry
 Weingartner, Edwin C.
 Willey, Fred O.
 Witt, John
 Wohlerst, Henry.

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